

COUNTRY LIFE

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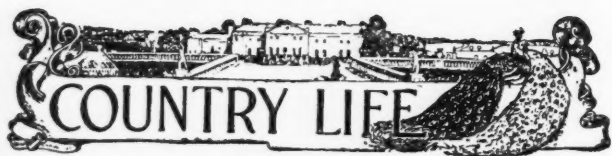
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H. WALTER BARNETT.

MISS BURDON.

1 Park Side, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.

ONE of the most interesting documents issued during the course of the year comes from that excellent statistician Major Craigie, of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and takes the shape of the agricultural returns. To the figures, which are carefully collected by the officials, Major Craigie contributes a preface, which may be described as a thorough-going and excellent review of the agriculture of the preceding twelve months. It is always interesting, but this year more so than ever. We propose to touch slightly upon one or two of the topics mentioned therein. One of these is the change in crop areas. Land still continues to be withdrawn from the plough, 172,000 acres last year, making close upon 3,000,000 acres which, in the course of thirty years, have been changed from arable to pasture. The English counties in which this process has been going on to the greatest extent are—Essex 12,000 acres, Wiltshire 9,000 acres, and Gloucestershire 8,000 acres. The wheat area continues to contract, but from many districts it is reported that oats are being substituted for wheat, and oats now cover rather more than one-fifth of the total arable land of Great Britain. The figures show a decrease of 10,000 acres of the acreage under potatoes. This seems to point to a considerable abatement of that potato fever which began in 1900. The area under turnips and swedes also continues to decline, and their place to some extent has been taken by mangolds, while an increase of 48,000 acres in that portion of the area under clovers and rotation grasses which was cut for hay, indicates fairly well the direction husbandry is taking. Naturally enough, when he comes to discuss the production of crops, Major Craigie has a good deal to say about the exceptional weather of 1903. He makes an

interesting comparison with the disastrous year 1879. Curiously enough, both the second and third quarters of the year were, except in Scotland, rather wetter in 1879 than in 1903. The rainfall of June, July, and August in 1879 nearly reached 14in. as against 10½in. in the same months of last year, but in the autumn of 1903 three times as much rain fell as in the autumn of 1879. This meant calamity to the farmer, the only small advantage he reaped being a partial disappearance of insect pests.

In regard to livestock many interesting particulars are given. A larger number of horses was returned in every county in Great Britain, with only four exceptions, and the increase in the number of those under one year seems to point to an extension of horse-breeding. Cattle showed an increase of 149,000, which repairs to some extent the loss sustained in the previous year, though the total is still smaller than it was in the three years previous to 1902. There is a general decline in the number of sheep, for which it is difficult to offer a satisfactory explanation, consisting as it does largely in a falling-off in the number of breeding ewes. Pigs, however, were flourishing, and showed an increase of nearly 17 per cent., spread over the whole country except in a few Scottish counties. The prices obtained during the year kept very much at a standstill, despite the failure of our cereal crops. The average prices of British corn were, wheat 26s. 9d., barley 22s. 8d., and oats 17s. 2d. per quarter, thus falling back from the value attained in 1902 to that of the previous year. Of course the grain was of very poor quality, which may in some measure account for the lowness of price. The average prices of cattle declined by about 1s. 8d. per cwt. in the case of first quality animals, and of second quality by 1s. 6d. per cwt. as compared with 1902. This fall in the price of live cattle was reflected in the current values of meat. In wool, however, some recovery was shown from the very low prices of 1902. This was most notable in the case of Soathdown and white Highland wools. Probably it has some connection with the fact that there was a decrease of 46,000,000lb. in the imports from Australia.

The tables showing the importation of feeding-stuffs are always fascinating, and on this occasion Major Craigie has invested them with a new interest by showing the proportion which comes from our colonies, compared with that which comes from foreign countries. Of wheat and flour, for instance, 27 per cent. comes from British possessions; of beef only 6 per cent.; of mutton, no less than 55 per cent.; of pig-meat, 12 per cent.; of meat unenumerated, 13 per cent. Of butter, 14 per cent. comes from British possessions; of cheese, 71 per cent.; and of fruit and nuts, 14 per cent. In studying the sources of origin in the import trade one of the most striking facts is the growth of the importation from Argentina. In 1899 we took 8,000 tons of dead meat from that country, but in 1903 the quantity had risen to 61,000 tons. From Canada we obtain a larger number of live cattle and a much smaller quantity of dead meat than we did five years ago. The trade with the United States is practically at a standstill. We received in 1899, 109,000 tons as live cattle, and 156,000 tons as dead meat. The corresponding figures for 1903 are 100,000 and 157,000 tons. We seem to take much more fresh mutton from abroad, the total for the first time being over 200,000 tons. We also made a record in purchasing butter, since we imported over 200,000 tons in 1903, of which it may be noted, as a matter of curiosity, that 55 tons came from Iceland, or Greenland, while Uruguay sent us 28 tons. The supplies of eggs continue to increase. Russia increased her pre-eminence as an exporter, and contributes more than a third of the total importation into this country, a fact which shows that, whether Russian institutions be in decay or not, there are those within her borders who can organise and carry on an immense trade. The eggs, be it remembered, are produced by the peasant, and it is absolutely certain that they must be collected both with precision and with honesty, or the trade never would have expanded as it has done. Last year the importation of fruit into Great Britain was large beyond precedent, a fact which probably may be in large measure attributed to the failure of the home supply. We actually purchased from abroad 4,570,000cwt. of apples, that is to say, our importation was 60 per cent. heavier than it was in the preceding year, and is no doubt the largest quantity ever received. Potatoes and onions, also, we got from abroad to an enormous extent, and indeed the perusal of these figures collected by Major Craigie, and laid before us with so much ability and lucidity, impresses us, as it would be impossible otherwise to do, with the tremendous and growing extent to which Great Britain is dependent on foreign countries and her colonial possessions for the ordinary means of subsistence.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a photograph of Miss Burdon, whose engagement to Mr. J. A. Joicey, the eldest son of Sir James Joicey, Bart., M.P., has just been announced. Miss Burdon is the younger daughter of Mr. A. E. Burdon of Hartford, Northumberland.



On our pages we avoid politics as far as possible, but, as a matter of business calculation, the chance of dissolution has now come into the sphere of vision. Some time ago the Prime Minister himself deliberately used expressions that meant this, if they meant anything. We refer to his assertion that the business of the country could not at the present be carried on with "comfort and satisfaction." The course of the elections, too, has been against the Government, whatever may be the explanation—and several explanations are obvious. Perhaps the strongest is that after nine years of one form of Government electors generally are ready to welcome another. No doubt, to this general feeling must be added the dissatisfaction of certain sections in regard to such questions as the Licensing Act, Education, the Yellow Plague, and the fiscal policy of the Government. At any rate, it seems extremely likely that Mr. Redmond's prophecy that a general election will take place in September may be founded upon sound information. Perhaps the most practical reflection that will come to the minds of country people is that the Government ought to take care that the harvest is over before plunging people into this turmoil. The time when a General Election causes the minimum dislocation is just when the last loads of wheat are being carted to the stack-yard.

Lately the cheap sensational papers have been rivalling one another in their attempts to create alarm about England and her foreign relations. One of them has published a scheme for the conquest of India, drawn up by General Kuropatkin, which seems, indeed, to be quite an authentic document, but its importance is very much discounted. In the first place, it seems to have been perfectly well known to Lord Kitchener, who may be trusted to have matured an effective counter-plot. Further than that, Russia at present has as much war on her hands as she can do with. Whatever be the issue of the present conflict, it must leave her crippled for years. Battleships cannot be replaced in a day, and it has been proved that her artillery and other field equipment are out of date and quite inadequate to cope with the very modern weapons of the Japanese. The financial burden, too, must have become by this time a very heavy one, and it will take Russia a generation at least to recover. We may, then, leave her out of account, as, in the next half-century, the Muscovite empire will be much less of a tribulation to Europe than she has been in the past.

In order to vie with this sensational rumour another paper has been collecting all the sayings of eminent Germans that point to a conflict at no very distant time with England. Here, too, we are far from denying the element of truth that gives colour and substance to the report. Young Germans are brought up in school to look upon a war with England as one of the events of the future, and history is twisted to misrepresent this country in their eyes. Moreover, it is felt that one or other of these great empires should possess the supremacy in commerce, and a quarrel would probably leave the victor at the top of the tree. These things have long been apparent to many of us. But in history, as in other things, it is the unexpected that happens, and the very fact that this danger is seen so clearly may lead to its being obviated. At all events, the most dangerous attitude to take up is that of assuming that such a war is inevitable. Enlightened Germans and enlightened Englishmen will do all they can to allay the animosity that is growing up in the minds of the unthinking people who are careless of the misery and hardship that would be involved.

The Russian Government have issued what purports to be a reply to the recent fulmination of Count Tolstoi, but it is somewhat difficult to follow the logic of the official controversialist. Had he been in private life he would certainly have scored a point by his contrast between the peace-at-any-price doctrines of the literary doctrinaire and the warlike views of the journal to which he confided his views. Further than that, we cannot

see that many effective points have been made. No doubt it was unpatriotic, as we believe it was unwise, of Count Tolstoi to seize the moment of his native country's most acute distress to turn round upon her with these complaints. He would probably admit, also, that he was going in the teeth of a very great deal of enthusiasm. After all, there are few potentates who evoke more enthusiastic loyalty than the Czar, but all this might as well have been left unsaid. It is an undignified part for a Government to play when it begins to answer pamphleteers with pamphlets. We left all that behind us when Bolingbroke died.

In this country we can scarcely picture what it means to live where a very numerous body of "censors" settle every day what news shall be allowed to be printed, while whole regiments of the same class are on guard, opening every news parcel from abroad, anxiously devouring the contents, and blacking out every item that may possibly displease not only the head of the State, but any single individual, down to a tenth-class clerk, provided he forms part of the great bureaucratic machine. Yet that is what goes on every day in Russia, and in a less degree in Turkey, though in the latter the supervision is more limited, and the sensitiveness mainly confined to words affecting the Sultan or the district management in provinces where questions are acute. But what we still more fail to recognise is the intense misery of the men to whom the work of the censorship falls. They never know who may send in a complaint next, and live in terror of not censoring enough. Sometimes they go mad. At a certain town, the other day, the official to whom the local censoring falls appeared running along the parade wearing, not clothes, but patches of printer's ink rubbed all over him (by himself) with the official blotting roller!

VIA REGGIO.

A southern sea calm and serene
Where white gulls pass;
Sands where the wind stirs ribbons green
Of waving grass.
The blue pine-groves of Tuscany
Stretch dark and wide,
And moan a dirge to the cold sea
Where Shelley died.
The gorse—a shimmer of pale fire—
Meets the gray sands
Where once was made a funeral pyre
By alien hands.
Between dark pine and sobbing wave
In place apart,
The fierce flames leaped and burnt all save
The poet's heart.
Snatched where the Tuscan sands begin
From fire and wave,
His heart was laid to rest within
A Roman grave.
Sweet singer of sad songs who played
A magic lute,
What years can make thy mem'ry fade—
Thy music mute?

ISABEL CLARKE.

A deputation waited upon Lord Londonderry on Monday last for the purpose of encouraging him to take steps for the better teaching of hygienic laws in schools. The deputies were perhaps a little too much overwhelmed by what they think is the physical degeneration of the English race. We are not by any means sure about this deterioration, because the evidence adduced so far is fragmentary, and will not apply to the population as a whole; while, on the other hand, there is much to be said in favour of the opinion that the English people are stronger, healthier, longer lived now than ever they were before. At any rate, our forefathers neither had hygiene taught in the schools nor did they understand its laws, so that they had no advantage over us in this respect. From what Lord Londonderry said, it seems likely that another generation will have risen before the subject is mastered. He pointed out quite truly that the teaching is at present impossible, for the simple reason that teachers themselves know absolutely nothing of hygiene, and until his department has had time to educate a generation of teachers who understand these laws, it is hopeless to expect that there will be any effective teaching in the schools.

In spite of the growth of our towns we are a much more open-air generation than that which went before, and it would be a cruel judgment on athletics to say that all the golf, cricket, football, tennis, and other games that are played, the increased love of fishing, shooting, and yachting, the tastes for cycle and motor-car, were marks of a degenerate and feeble race. Most noteworthy is it that the remarks of the deputies were all

general in character. Neither Sir William Broadbent, Dr. Dryswyn Griffiths, Sir Victor Horsley, nor any other medical expert, gave definite evidence that there has been a general degeneration. The weak, the imbecile, the scrofulous, the consumptive, the insane we have always had with us, and most admirable is the desire to get rid of them; but the warmest appreciation of the good intention of the deputies does not convince us that the average Englishman of to-day is less healthy than he was twenty-five years ago.

The American Democrats have found a worthy opponent of President Roosevelt in Judge Parker, who was nominated at the St. Louis Convention on July 9th. Subsequent events read like portions of a novel. The eminent lawyer was bathing in the Hudson River when the news came, and had left word that he was not to be interrupted; but the American reporter is irrepressible, and spread over the judge's place of retirement in overwhelming numbers. However, he managed to stave them off fairly well, but upon the next day took the unusual course of saying that he was no mere puppet of a congress, and declared upon his own ground that he stood up for a gold standard, and we can take it from that that bi-metallism has died a natural death in America. It seems in every way likely that Judge Parker will be a worthy opponent of President Roosevelt. He is a man of the very highest personal character and honour, and like several previous Presidents, he has worked his own way to the front, and, as a Scotch professor once said, "has shaken hands with poverty up to the elbows," so that he brings the experience gained during a lifetime of struggle to bear on work that is to be done.

Swanley College is one of the oldest institutions for the education of women in open-air work, and it was meet and fitting that the President of the Board of Agriculture should distribute the annual prizes on Monday. Lord Onslow made a very suitable speech for the occasion. Not only did he praise horticulture as an occupation for women, but he attracted attention to what is perhaps the most important of the Swanley course, namely, the preparation of young ladies for colonial work. It has been pointed out lately that women of this stamp are very much needed in all our colonies, and that it is most difficult to get them to go out, as they complain of the lack of society and of the hard work that has to be done; but a college like Swanley, by giving them exactly the information and skill required, is surmounting these obstacles, and we hope that the encouraging words spoken by Lord Onslow will have the effect of inducing many of them to undertake colonial work.

A curious incident occurred in cricket at Harrogate last week—unprecedented, we are almost inclined to call it. In the morning, when Yorkshire and Kent took the field, it was found that the wicket had been watered and tampered with during the night, the probable explanation being that a too zealous groundsman, seeing that the wicket was beginning to show signs of wear, thought he would improve it for the next day's play. But this, of course, was directly contrary to Rule IX. of the Laws of Cricket, and the captains did quite the correct thing in annulling the match; that is to say, they played it out, but it was agreed that the score should not count in first-class cricket, and that the result should not appear in the championship. We are not aware of such an event having occurred in the history of cricket. It spoiled what would otherwise have been a fine match. Yorkshire is being watched with particular interest just now, as, since Leicestershire has been badly defeated, it is now second favourite to Lancashire for the championship.

At the Southwark County Court the other day, Judge Addison pointed out in vigorous terms the existence of a great evil in the shape of women money-lenders. These persons, who usually pose as widows and laundresses, obtain access to the wives of labouring men, and make much pretence of friendly feelings to them. They are in the habit of lending them money when, as is not unusual with the "horny-handed sons of toil," the husbands fail to provide the necessary cash for the week's supplies. Ordinarily, the charge of one penny per week for each shilling lent is made, and this, it is needless to say, works out at a terribly high rate of interest, even if it stood alone; but the female money-lender has many dodges besides that, one of which is to demand that the process of prepayment shall begin all over again if once there is a cessation, so that whosoever falls into the clutches of this Shylock is not likely to escape without first paying her pound of flesh. As, however, she keeps within the range of legality, we do not know that much can be done, except in the way of such strong protests as were made by Judge Addison. These, at least, have the effect of throwing daylight upon a very undesirable class of people and their dealings.

That the alligator should be regarded as a useful animal, well worth preserving, is not a little curious; but the United States authorities are now drawing attention to the sad waste of

alligators going on in Florida. The very fine and ornamental leather made from their skins requires to be taken from old alligators, if it is to be really valuable. But owing to their destruction for leather-making they have grown scarce. It might be supposed that the youthful alligators would grow up to take their places; but unfortunately the North American public who visit Florida have a mania for carrying off the young ones as pets. It is pointed out that these never live more than two years in New York, and fail to grow up into a useful size; but the taste for keeping them does not decrease. Last year the total value of alligator leather from Florida only amounted to 34,000 dollars.

TOO LATE.

Gather the links that scattered lie,
Bury them somewhere—a life is broken.
Stir not the air with an idle sigh,
Lay on the grave no blossomed token.
None need remember and none regret
With reproachful looks that a life is wasted;
It is enough that a sun has set,
That the wine was spilled 'ere a drop be tasted.
Bury them somewhere, nor stay to part
The gold from the dross in the silent grave;
Inscribe on the tombstone "This fragile heart
Was afraid—and none was at hand to save."

L. C. M. L.

The season in Norway has been a fairly good one on the salmon rivers generally, but it has been abnormally short in duration. The winter snows were light, and in consequence there has not been much replenishment of the streams throughout the year, and earlier than usual they ran down low. The luck has been all with those that had the earlier fishing. There are, however, the sea-trout still to come—that is to say, unless they disappoint expectation, as they are known to do, by not appearing at all.

These are early days as yet, but the present appearance of the hedges of the country-side promises well for the crop of nuts and blackberries; which is as much as to say that it promises well for the happiness of many small people in the country a little later on. For the moment the promise of the fruit of the blackberry is revealed in its blossom, which we seldom see so fine and so abundant.

It is a good thing for the sellers of English peaches, but an ill thing for their eaters (who, after all, are in greater number), that their prices are not as the prices of the French-grown fruit. The latter are now quoted in the London market at prices varying from 3s. to 5s. for the half-bushel. It is a lowest-on-record price, due, of course, to the unusually fine crop in France. At the same time, it is to be said that in quality these peaches do not compare with the best of the English fruit. A notable fruit tree that is bearing well this year is the famous Hampton Court vine, now 136 years old, yet still in full vigour. The best of our native fruit crops generally is the strawberry crop, and that which promises least well the apple crop. The apple trees are overrun by an abnormal number of the aphids.

The lack of agricultural labour, still increasing in some parts of the country, is never felt more acutely than at the time of haymaking; but, for all that, the farmer will have but himself to blame if he has not saved his crop satisfactorily in this most excellent year both for the growing and for the making. In the South the crops are even better than last year; and last year's yield showed a very marked advance over the yields of some of the years of drought preceding it. It appears that we still live under the merciful law of compensations.

The way in which strange animals are occasionally "dumped" on uninhabited islands (one of the rough-and-ready ways of acclimatising which have been going on ever since man sailed the seas) was oddly exemplified lately, when General Booth announced at the cosmopolitan meeting of his followers that he had been offered an island containing a million acres of land and thirty thousand buffaloes as a settlement. Water-buffaloes, originally and still found in the jungle of Hindustan, are believed to have been brought to some islands off the coast of the northern territories of Australia, from the East Indian Islands, whither they were taken by Hindu voyagers probably as early as the twelfth century. They have run wild in vast herds on these islands. In the northern seas the old Vikings used to "plant" their little sheep on places like St. Kilda, to supply them with fresh mutton, and in the southern ocean the south sea rovers used to do the same by the giant tortoises. In the West Indies the sea robbers turned cattle loose in the same way, with which they used to victual their ships, and obtained the name of "buccaneers" from the "boucane" or "ox-flesh" that they dried in the sun for use on ship-board.

HERDWICK SHEEP.

AMONG local breeds of sheep the Herdwick of Westmorland and Cumberland is one of the most interesting; and this is from two totally different aspects. In the first place, the breed has so many peculiarities that it is difficult to trace its descent. Like many other animals in Great Britain, its origin has been attributed to the Spanish Armada; but it is obvious that if a tenth part of the livestock credited to it by tradition was on board the vessels of the Spanish admiral, such a collection of creatures had never been brought together since the time of Noah's Ark, which, in the words of a North Country worthy, "was fair flutched up wi' elephants." The story is that during the gale which destroyed the Spanish fleet, forty of these sheep managed to swim ashore at Cumberland, and, suiting the country, became the progenitors of the present herds. But against this is to be set the fact that in Spain there is no kindred breed of sheep that at all resembles these of the North, and many experts dismiss the tale as being a mere tradition. On the other hand, a theory is set up which, for various reasons, it is difficult to agree with. This is that the sheep were brought from Scandinavia by the Vikings and Berserkers, who ravaged these coasts in the early centuries. But it would have been much more likely that, had this been the case, the sheep would have been found in Northumberland instead of Cumberland, for the very simple reason that the East Coast

offered the most natural landing-place to the Danes, and, as is well known, the Northumbrian people were originally much more Scandinavian than any other people in Great Britain. The peculiar dialect which they use to this day differs entirely from the Lowland Scotch, which, in its turn, is akin to Chaucerian English, and also to a dialect spoken in other parts of Great Britain. Scandinavian words and Scandinavian pronunciation can be easily traced to it.



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BY THE STREAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It might be contended, of course, that, Northumberland being so much open to foray, no flock or herd was likely to be preserved there. Yet facts are against this conclusion also. At any rate, Lord Tankerville's cattle at Chillingham are a standing proof that the Scotch raiders did not destroy everything, and among the Cheviots a breed of sheep stood as good a chance of preservation as it did in the Pennine Chain. Carlisle was much more notable for the hanging of sheep-stealers than any other town on the Borders. The plain truth is that each district, given time and opportunity, will develop the sheep most suitable to it. It produced the Cheviot in Northumberland, Down sheep in the Southern Counties, the Romney Marsh sheep in that district, and so on.

So the high grounds of Skiddaw and his companion hills produced this small and hardy mountain sheep, which now finds a home in the parklands round Ambleside and Grasmere,



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PEACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ALARMED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Windermere and Kendal. It has become a great favourite with the small yeomen, who were the statesmen of the time of Wordsworth, though Dorothy Wordsworth even then saw that the decline of the class was imminent. The breed in constitution, and even in appearance, bears some resemblance to the Scottish Blackfaces. They are, however, smaller than the Blackfaces, and shorter both in legs and body. When full grown and fattened for the market they weigh from 14lb. to 18lb. per quarter. Not without reason is a claim put in for high quality on account of the mutton, which shows a large proportion of lean meat on a small bone. The ewes are hornless, but the rams, when full grown, have beautiful horned heads, and with their thick fleeces, short legs, and stout bodies look ideal sheep for the mountain country. The following is an excellent description of the Herdwick, as given by Mr. James Bowstead: "The essential points of a Herdwick may be briefly summed up as follows: A heavy fleece of fairly strong wool, disposed to be hairy on the top of the shoulder, growing well down to the knees and hocks, pole and belly well covered, a broad bushy tail, and a well-defined topping, head broad, nose arched or Roman, nostrils and mouth wide, teeth broad and short, jaws deep,

showing strength of constitution and determination, eye prominent and lively, and in the male defiant, ears white, fine, erect, and always moving, as has been said, like a butterfly's wing. . . . The colour or marking of the face and legs is very important. There should be no spots or speckles, nor any token of brown, as these are considered sure tokens of a cross. When the lambs are born their legs and heads should be perfectly black, with the exception of a little white on the tips of the ears, and perhaps a few white hairs round the feet. These white hairs gradually increase, so that at six months old one-third or half the ear will be hoar-frosted, and there will be distinct bands of the same round the feet, shading off to the black of the leg, and by this time also about an inch of the muzzle will have become frosted too. This change of colour goes on until some, at the age of three years, are perfectly white, whilst others remain a kind of steel grey. . . . Horns in the rams are desirable, but not essential, and undoubtedly add much to the appearance, but otherwise are not much valued.

When present they should rise out well at the back of the head, be smooth, and well curled. White hoofs are much preferred."



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PEACEFULLY GRAZING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Almost as interesting as the herd itself is the management, which is evidently a survival from very ancient times. The



Copyright

STRAYED FROM THE FLOCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

standing flock belongs not to the tenant, but to the landlord, and is let with the farm, much in the same way as a flock of geese is let in Lincolnshire. The tenant is allowed to take the produce and increment, but is expected to restore the stock at the end of his tenancy much in the same condition as he found it. Theoretically the system is open to objections, but in practice it works out very well, and here, as in the Cheviot district of the neighbouring county of Northumberland, it is not uncommon for a labourer by this means to work himself up into a tenancy of a farm. Mr. Wilson Fox, in his report to the Royal Agricultural Commissioners, has given a particularly clear report of the system. He describes how two viewers are appointed on behalf of the tenant and two on behalf of the landlord at the beginning of the tenancy. Usually they have an umpire and sometimes there is only one viewer for each party. They are called viewers because they view the flock and make a report as to the condition in which they are. Thus, in a single herd 10 rams were reported good.

Of 452 ewes 300 were good, 100 fair, and 52 poor; 316 shearlings were described as fair; of 290 two year old wethers 190 were good and 100 fair; 132 three year olds were all good. That is a fair specimen of the report made. Before entering on his tenancy the tenant has to find two bondsmen, who are severally and jointly liable with the tenant to return to the landlord at the expiration of the tenancy the same number of sheep in the same condition as when first let. The sheep photographed belong to a well-known Ambleside breeder, Mr. John T. Mackereth. He belongs to a family in which Heildwicks have been kept for many generations, and into the present flock has been introduced the best blood to be found in the country. Prizes have been taken by this flock at the Royal, the Royal North Lancashire, and all the important shows in Cumberland and Westmorland. The photographer who took the pictures relates the following incident: "While I was trying to photograph some young rams, they suddenly bolted across the stream. We tried all we could to make them re-cross, and after a



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FOLLOW THE LEADER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

unpromising materials constructed a most agreeable book. It was Miss Edgeworth's misfortune that well-meaning people dubbed her a moralist. To her biographer, as it must be to every artist in fiction, such an idea is abhorrent. The artist's business is to hold the mirror up to Nature, and paint her truthfully and sincerely. Art in its final expression must be unconscious, and at bottom moralisation in it will be found to rest on the two kindred vices, arrogance and egotism. Miss Emily Lawless defends her with great spirit. In "Castle Rackrent," she says:

"We find her regarding life, not from any utilitarian, ethical, or dogmatic standpoint, but simply and solely objectively, as it strikes, and as it ought to strike, an artist. So far from any cut-and-dry code of morals being enforced in it, morals of every sort are even startlingly absent. To find a book in which an equally topsy-turvy view is presented, without so much as a hint of disapproval upon the part of the author, we should have to go back as far as to Defoe. Take it from whatever point we like—moral, philosophical, social, political—it seems to stand outside of the entire code, human or divine. It has been sometimes asserted that Miss Edgeworth was the parent and first inventor of that engine of instruction 'The Novel with a Purpose,' but if 'Castle Rackrent' is a novel with a purpose, one would be glad to be told what that purpose precisely is."



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CROSSING THE STREAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

time they scrambled along a narrow ledge on the opposite bank, and presently sprang into the water one after the other, and so gained the opposite shore. They are more than active—can jump a gate or wall without difficulty." The reader, by a careful study of the photographs, will easily see how our artist was successful in snapping them.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"**E**DGEWORTH, MARIA (1767—1849), the creator of the novel of national manners and moral purpose"—so begins the article on her in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and it may be said to embody the common idea which in her monograph in the "English Men of Letters" Series (Macmillan) the Hon. Emily Lawless sets herself to combat. Whether she has succeeded or no on this particular point is doubtful, but she has out of very slender and



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OFF HOME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

This is speaking to the point, and those who prize what is best will agree most thoroughly with the writer. But the value of the biography lies far less in the theories it contains than the vivid picture it gives of a typical Irish family of the old type. The wisacre from whom our first quotation comes writes with a seriousness befitting his kind of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria. So he does also of his friend Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," "an able man of noble character." The sketch portraits of Miss Lawless are entertainingly vivid. Edgeworth *père* appeals to us as most typical of a certain class of Irish squireen. Like a true hero of romance, he fell in love before he had left college—fell out again, too, if we are to accept his own version—and eloped to Gretna Green, where the historic blacksmith bound the couple in the chains of holy matrimony. Afterwards, without his wife, he took up his residence amid a circle which is still remembered. It contained Mr. Day, who was to create the immortal Tommy, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who in his "Loves of the Plants" gave poetic expression to a theory developed by his illustrious grandson, and Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield" and the Alice Meynell of her day and generation. They were all friends of the Sneyd family, and when Mrs. Edgeworth (the first of the Miss Sneyds) died, which she did after bearing five children, the drooping widower straightway went and consoled himself with a second. Mr. Day and Major Ardre and many another had been in love with the fair Honoré, but it was to the "young and gay philosopher" that she finally capitulated. At her death, which occurred after some seven years of wedded life, she asked him to marry her sister Elizabeth, and for the third time Mr. Edgeworth went through the service that, according to a character of Scott's, begins with "Dearly beloved" and ends with "amazement." Nor was this all. In process of time this wife died also, and was duly succeeded by a Miss Beaufort, who survived long enough to write the Memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth. In working out the character of Mr. Edgeworth it is worth while to pay some attention to what Mr. Hare called "the very touching letter he wrote from the bedside of his dead wife." It begins:

"My dear Daughter,—At six o'clock on Thursday morning your excellent mother expired in my arms. She now lies dead beside me, and I know I am doing what would give her pleasure if she were capable of feeling anything by writing to you at this time to fix her excellent image in your mind. As you grow older and become acquainted with more of my friends, you will hear from every mouth the most exalted character of your incomparable mother. You will be convinced by your own reflections on her conduct that she fulfilled the part of a mother towards you and towards your sisters, without partiality towards her own, or servile indulgence towards mine. Her heart, conscious of rectitude, was above the fear of raising suspicions to her disadvantage in the mind of your father, or in the minds of your relations."

Here is indeed the moralist. What sort of man was it who wrote the phrase, "on Thursday morning your excellent mother expired in my arms"? He follows it up by ordering "twelve profiles of my dear Mrs. Edgeworth done in white and pale blue." It is necessary to grasp the father's equation, because he entered so much into the life of his daughter, dictating, altering, and ordering her work to an extent that would have been impossible save for her feeling of filial obedience, that amounted almost to a passion. Then she saw none of his frailties, but idolised the vain moralist, for the simple reason that he happened to be her father. She arrived in Ireland with him in 1782, and they took up their residence in Edgeworthstown, which henceforth was to be her home. Her father was in his glory:

"Once settled down in his ancestral dominions, Mr. Edgeworth found himself in what to him must have seemed the very appropriate position of a little local king. Like such a petty monarch he had his levées, his courtiers, his retainers—more or less ragged—like such an one he held his courts of justice, and distributed rewards and punishments—at any rate of a minor kind—pretty much according to his own ideas of justice or expediency. Being, as has been seen, a despot, and a benevolent one, the arrangement worked admirably. Nothing can be more harmonious than the picture which comes before us, as we look back from our vantage ground of over a hundred years, and see that large, variously assorted family party gathered together at Edgeworthstown during the years which followed their arrival in 1782."

The duties of Maria were largely connected with the children:

"To a good many girls of her age the mere size of that ever-growing family—whose numbers are to a biographer, I confess, baffling—would have been no small trial. Not so to Maria Edgeworth. Children were for her, all through her long life, not merely no trouble, but a stimulus, a rest, and an amusement. It was only the peremptory orders of her father and step-mother which hindered her from converting herself into the playfellow, slave, and maid-of-all-work of her well-nigh countless younger brothers and sisters."

It was a time of great upheaval in Ireland, and the last of the wives of Mr. Edgeworth had on her way home from Dublin after the marriage an adventure that must have been novel:

"The marriage took place in Dublin, and the bride's experiences upon her progress from there to Edgeworthstown were more exciting evidently than pleasant. Few people, she tells us, were to be seen along the roads, a fact hardly to be wondered at, considering that at an inn called 'The Nineteen Mile House,' where they were delayed for a little while, a woman, whom

they found alone in the kitchen, came up to them and whispered, 'The boys (the rebels) are hid in the potato furrows beyond.' Mr. Edgeworth, we hear, was rather startled at this intelligence, but took no notice. 'A little further on,' Mrs. Edgeworth continues, 'I saw something very odd on the side of the road before us. "What is that?" "Look to the other side. Don't look at it!" cried Mr. Edgeworth.' After they had passed, he told her that it was a cart turned up, between the shafts of which a man was hung, murdered by the rebels."

This was the atmosphere in which "Castle Rackrent" was engendered. It remains the best of Miss Edgeworth's work, but we will not stay to analyse it now. We fear that the popularity of the authoress is now mostly confined to her own country, though this engaging biography is certain to cause renewed interest in Great Britain. It is just possible that one day public taste may veer round in her direction. The Romantic movement has long expended its force, and the natural rebound is to novels such as she has left us. Miss Emily Lawless seems to think that the question was settled by the commendation of Scott:

"As for simple Susan, that small damsel sits—must, while literature lasts, continue to sit—upon the pedestal raised for her by the great and good Sir Walter. 'When the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl,' Sir Walter Scott wrote to a correspondent, 'there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry.' And after such a tribute every later and lower panegyric sinks necessarily to the level of mere surplussage!"

But Scott, for a man of creative genius, was singularly fallible in his critical estimates, and it is to be feared that his appreciation of Miss Edgeworth counts for not more to-day than his extraordinary belief in the merits of Joanna Baillie.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS AT LORD'S.

THERE was, of course, another Gentlemen and Players match at the Oval, but for ninety-nine men out of a hundred who take interest in cricket "Gentlemen and Players" in 1904 will mean one thing only—the match at Lord's. The sides were representative. More fully representative they could not be. Much was said about the absence of Mr. Maclaren and Mr. Palairet; but who could have been left out had they been included? Not one of the four bowlers could be spared. Will it be denied that there were four, or be claimed that there were more? There were Mr. Hesketh-Prichard, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Bosanquet, and Mr. McDonnell. There were others who "have been known to bowl"; but in such company they hardly count. None of those named could be spared. A wicket-keeper was a necessity; then who should be sacrificed? Mr. Jessop? But even though he is out of form with the bat, he is worth £50 in gate-money. Moreover, how much is he worth as a saver of runs—the best field in the world? The Gentlemen's side at Lord's was at least representative enough. At the Oval it could not claim to be called by courtesy representative. The Players' side was in like case. There was but one man missing, Tyldesley, and he was missing because a fellow-batsman had stove in a rib for him. There is no side from which his absence would not look like a loss; but, then, see what was done by his understudy, King! King would not have played but for the staving in of the rib of Tyldesley; yet this twelfth man did what no man has done before—made a century in each innings for the Players, and made his second century at a time when it was wanted very badly, when wickets were falling down, and the high deliveries of Mr. Prichard were kicking up, and Knight had just been brought back to the pavilion with a broken finger. It required pluck, both of the moral and the physical kind, to make that second century. He made it attractively, too, by hard hitting. So one cannot say that Tyldesley's absence was a loss.

The first innings was dull. Even in this the ball began to kick up dangerously from Mr. Prichard (his double name is too long for daily use). Hayward's 88 was a very sterling innings, and, of course, King's first century deserved all praise, but the batting was dull. Prichard and McDonnell both bowled well, the latter with a hurt hand, and he deserved a better show than his no wickets for 58 runs gives.

From the start the Gentlemen had ill luck in the first innings. Mr. Foster hit outside an off ball that he expected to break away; it came on straight, and he hit it into his wicket—this overnight. Mr. Fry played grandly next morning till he had made 32, when Braund bowled him. Prince Ranjitsinhji came and tried to save his wicket with his legs from one of Braund's leg-breaks, but missed the ball, and was bowled. What hope is there for our Indian Empire if he who can hit the ball so well with the bat prefers to miss it with his legs? Then Mr. Jackson, the captain, came, and at once there was misunderstanding with Mr. Spooner, who had been playing really well, over a run, and a run-out followed. Mr. Jackson was the one who stayed and redeemed the misfortune, while batsmen came and batsmen went, until the coming of Mr. Prichard, the last

man. Mr. Prichard presented his bat to the ball—straight, but without any other affectation of classical grace—and continued to present it so until luncheon (deferred, for the special purpose of getting him out, from 1.30 to 2), and until the score, chiefly made by Mr. Jackson, was 170. Luncheon had a bad effect on the batsman's eye, and only one run was added subsequently.

It was extraordinary how few men in the Pavilion knew what the present rule is for the "follow-on." The Players, being more than 150 ahead, had the option of making the Gentlemen bat or field. They chose the latter, naturally, for the weather looked, as a Scot would say, dour, and rain might come. Mr. Prichard's bowling had bumped in the first innings, and the Players had put Arnold on at the Pavilion end to attempt the same result, but not being given by Nature the almost gigantic height of Mr. Prichard, the effect was less terrible. In the second innings of the Players Mr. Prichard was quite terrible. It was he that went out to Patagonia to look for the great sloth, and if his intention was to bombard it as he bombarded the Players, that singular and evasive great animal ought to be piously thankful that he did not find it. Gunn seemed at an advantage, as a short man, for the ball went over his head. Catches in the slips sent most of the Players back. Knight was "retired hurt"; and, I think, this made Mr. Prichard humanely merciful. He seemed to moderate his pace. But King played gallantly, and Rhodes, as in the first innings, gave him invaluable help, so that by the end of the Players' scoring, the Gentlemen had 412 to get in the fourth innings to win.

It was said that the wicket improved. I do not think it. In the Gentlemen's first innings Arnold had tried to make the ball do what Mr. Hesketh-Prichard had done with it, but failed; and I believe fully that had Mr. Prichard been bowling on the Wednesday he would have bumped just as much as on the previous day. No bowler of the Players had the height and the delivery to make the ball bump as it bumped for Mr. Prichard. The like gifts are not for all.

Four hundred in a fourth innings, however, seem too many, and though Mr. Foster made a useful 52, and Mr. Fry 41, these

were taken at the wicket by Lilley, whose work all through deserves a word of special praise, off Arnold. Next, just at the crisis, Mr. Jones came, and there could not be a better at a crisis. He took no risks and he lost no chances—time was running too short for slow cricket. He stayed and scored while Mr. Jessop came and went for 2, and Mr. Bosanquet for a useful little lot of 22. He was still there when Mr. Payne, who was batting well, ran himself out, through over-zealous backing up, for 10. Mr. McDonnell's hand was so bad that he could not bat, so then again came Mr. Prichard presenting the bat firmly and gently to the ball. Twice the ball glided off for 2's; the latter 2 by ardent running might have been turned to 3, but it was better that Mr. Jones rather than Mr. Prichard should face Arnold, so the batsmen stayed at home. The second ball of the over was cut finely for 4, and the third driven off for the like, and so the match was won, with Mr. Jones not out 56.

Where many did so well, selection for remark is invidious. King's performance, with his double century, was, of course, the feature of the match, and if one had to pick a man for special mention from the Gentlemen's side, Mr. Hesketh-Prichard was the one necessary, and not to be dispensed with.

FROM THE FARMS.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

THE Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has done well to collect statistics of the size of holdings as they are in Great Britain to-day. It is a significant fact that nowhere else in Europe is the number of small holdings proportionately so few as in this country. Yet the only efficient method of restoring a rural population is by multiplying such holdings. This has been recognised by Parliament, which, during the last quarter of a century, has passed several Bills with the object of increasing their number. It is clear that a multiplication of farm labourers is practically impossible.



R. W. Robinson.

SUMMER DAYS.

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scores, with the moderate addition of 6 by Mr. Spooner, only made just over the first century for three wickets down. But then came the Prince and the captain; and the former, instead of his legs, put his bat to the ball, and it went off, as it only does from his bat, again and again on the leg side—maximum of result for minimum of effort! Mr. Jackson played his usual plucky, lucky, cheerful game, and the score reached 300 with only the same three wickets down. If Prince Ranjitsinhji had been able to run fast, the two would have scored a good many more in their partnership, but his asthma troubles him. He batted quite in his best form. Then both batsmen

The calling does not in itself hold out sufficient prospects of remuneration, and besides, the present aim of the farmer is to introduce labour-saving machinery wherever possible, and thus keep down the labour bill. Nevertheless, it does not seem that there has been any great change in the character of the tenure. In 1885 there were 232,955 small holdings, and last year the number had actually shown a small decrease, it being 232,892, which seems like a cold-water douche to those who have been striving to increase them. Medium-sized holdings increased in the same period from 144,288 to 150,055, while large holdings decreased from 19,364 to 18,081. The plain English of this is

that here and there a large holding has been broken up into a couple of tenancies. But legislation has evidently had no effect, and attention might now be profitably directed to the emendation of the law on this subject.

EFFECTS OF LAST YEAR.

Early last year it was recognised that 1879 and 1903 stood a chance of being bracketed together as hideous times in the history of farming. We are now able to show some of the effects of the disastrous rains of last season. They are evidenced in an extraordinary depreciation in the value of land. For example, it is stated by a contemporary that the town clerk of



Miss O'Keefe.

FRIENDS.

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Lincoln has an estate at Aisethorpe which cost him £60,000; it was declined a while ago at half that figure. Near it is another farm which cost £56,000, but when put up to auction a few weeks ago the highest bid was £25,000. Near Gainsborough an estate of 466 acres was purchased for £24,000, but when put up to auction about four weeks ago the bidding stopped at £9,400. At Market Rasen, a small holding of 64 acres which cost £3,300 did not bring more than £1,550 when put up to sale. At Blankney Dales a farm which in 1878 was purchased for £6,120 was sold for £2,800. All this is a dismal tribute to the effect of wet weather. At the beginning of 1903 farmers were just recovering from the long and terrible depression, but they had had no time to amass capital, and so obtain the means of standing out against a bad year. This it is that has caused so many small estates to come to the hammer. But another cause of low prices is the undoubted fact that people have so many more outlets for their capital than they used to possess. Prospectuses and shares travel now into the most remote rural districts, so that many who never used to deem any investment sound except that in land, now find other outlets for their capital, and hence the falling in prices.

MILKING JERSEYS.

At the last meeting of the English Jersey Society a very interesting point was raised. The reputation of this breed is now thoroughly established as that of the most economical butter cow, but enthusiasts are not content with that. They say it can also be made as good a milking cow as any in these islands. Now, if this can be proved, it would be a great point in favour of the Jerseys, because although the Jersey happens to be a fashionable cow, it need not by any means be an expensive one. Like many other milking cows, it was originally a peasant's cow, and a peasant's cow is invariably kept on a frugal diet. Jerseys are injured much more commonly in England by too generous feeding than by being too sparing towards them. It could very easily be shown that if the Jersey can be made to yield something like the average quantity expected from the cows of a dairy herd, it will become a very profitable animal even to the small farmer, while we have still further to consider that the milk is of better quality than that produced by the ordinary shorthorn. Under these circumstances it must be admitted that the society will do well to bestow more attention than they have done on the milk-producing qualities of this excellent breed of kine.

THE HAY HARVEST.

As far as the South of England is concerned the farmer may congratulate himself on the fact that the dangers attending the

ingathering of the hay are over and done with. Those bright, hot days at the beginning of July came in the nick of time. A splendid crop of hay has been saved, and in quality it leaves nothing to be desired. As anyone who has been going about the country will have noticed, many farms still have stacks of last year's crop standing, so that the provision of keep for next winter is on a large and liberal scale—a fact that tranquillises the anxiety of those who see some cause to fear that the autumn pasturage will not be up to the average. Nevertheless, these statements hold true only of the Southern part of the kingdom. From the North the accounts that come are not so rosy. There have been more cold weather, more rain, and more adverse circumstances generally there than in the South. In consequence the hay harvest is very late, and does not promise at the best to be more than an average one. Add to all this that very doleful apprehensions are being expressed in regard to the corn crop, which some go to the length of saying threatens to be the worst on record. For our part, we can scarcely think that this pessimism is justified. Such crops as we have gone over are fairly level, and if not to be classed as good, are, at any rate, not very inferior; but it may be that we have been looking only at the most favoured parts of the country.

BIRD LIFE ON THE ISLANDS OF WEST WALES.

AN account of a visit lately paid to the islands of Skomer, Skokam, and Grasholm, off the mouth of Milford Haven, may be of some interest to amateur ornithologists. Skomer, the property of Lord Kensington, and Skokam, that of Captain Lloyd Philipps of Dale Castle, are both strictly preserved from the attentions of the wholesale egg-looter, or, in fact, any egg-poacher. Having obtained the necessary permissions, H—, an ardent ornithologist, and myself started on Saturday morning, May 14th, from Old Milford, but, constrained by adverse winds and tide, were only able to make Dale Roads, a mile or so inside the harbour mouth. Abandoning our first intention of sailing direct to the islands in our craft, an ex-pilot boat of some 16 tons, we decided to attempt Skomer from a point further north up the coast in a local lobster boat. After some difficulty, we obtained a cart to convey our bedding and food to Marloes Haven, a three-mile pull from the landing-place on Skomer. After a stiff row against wind and tide, we ran under the lee of the island, past regiments of puffins, ducking and bobbing on the swell. Skomer is shaped like a badly made hour-glass, the western bulb being considerably the bigger. In this end is situated a comfortable farmhouse, with ample cowsheds and stabling, now untenanted.

As H— and myself had no servant with us, our first care was firewood and water. This point being settled, we started to do the easterly end, but, owing to the pooriness of light, the camera was left behind. Our first find was the nest of an oyster-catcher (local dialect, oyster-picker), followed by several more of the same species. They were of the usual pattern—a slight depression lined with small pebbles, with one exception. This was a nest some 300yds. from the cliff, situated on a stony knob, the lining being withered bracken. To identify it beyond doubt we retired and watched with field-glasses; but our wait was a short one, as the old birds returned almost immediately. A photograph was taken of this nest the next day. The cliff-edge practically all round the island is one vast rabbit-warren, tenanted indiscriminately by its owners proper and their summer visitors, the puffins. Here and there occur a colony of Manx shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*), but whether they have occupied abandoned burrows, or dug their own (as the natives allege), I cannot say. These birds are never seen by day when nesting, but from dusk to dawn the islands ring with their eldritch shrieks, varying from a baby's wail to the note of a pack of hounds. On every convenient ledge of the cliffs are hundreds of nests of herring-gull and lesser black-backed gull, while among the more gently sloping and rocky portions we noticed numerous rock-pipits (*Anthus aquaticus*). We came across one nest of the greater black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*), as usual in this district built in a depression on top of a stony bluff. In this case there were no eggs in the nest. Soon after we were spectators of an amusing scene, while enjoying a quiet pipe. Just below us on a slope was a herring-gull standing on guard over a rabbit-hole. Suddenly there was a vicious drive of her beak, and she flew off some 30yds. with a baby rabbit. This she proceeded to kill, holding it by the scruff of the neck and banging it on the ground, not, as I expected, by blows of her beak. This operation took some 2min., during which she dropped the rabbit once or twice, only to pounce on it again. Whether she was playing with it like a cat or unable to immediately kill it, I could not determine. Just as she was preparing to swallow it a greater black-backed gull dived at her, and with a scream of fear she abandoned her dinner. The robber picked

up the spoil, and with a few strokes of his broad wings was out of sight.

Next morning we visited a snipey patch of some fifty acres at the other end of the island. Here we found numerous traces of the green plover in hatched-out egg-shells, and disturbed a wild duck with her paddle of flappers on a reedy pond. The latter were about a month old, and scuttled to cover immediately. Further on, we came to a rookery of cormorants, some fifteen nests, all of the usual type, seaweed and whitewash, save one, which, like the oyster-catcher's, was mostly composed of bracken. Whether the quantity of fern on the island accounts for this peculiarity I cannot say. Rounding a corner, we disturbed a tiercel feeding on a freshly-killed puffin. We did not trouble to look for his nest, knowing his eyrie is on Skokam, where we hoped to go next day.

On Monday morning, our friendly lobster boat picked us up, and we moved camp to Skokam. This island, at one time continuously tenanted, was for a period abandoned, but is now again occupied. It is considerably smaller than Skomer, and more the shape of an egg. Here we found many old walls, banks of earth faced with old red sandstone, arranged in herring-bone pattern. This year the puffins are not nearly so numerous as usual, and we saw no traces of puffin-nets. These are some 20yds. long and 2ft. high. Placed on the brink of the cliff, they are alike fatal to arriving or departing birds. The victims are used for lobster or crab bait by the local fishermen. On reaching the peregrines' eyrie, we failed to find any appearance of a this year's tenant; but some 400yds. further along the cliff I almost stepped into the easiest peregrine's nest I ever saw. The site chosen was on the very brink of the cliff, a slight hollow protected on the land side from view by two leaning pieces of stone. In it were three young birds about a month old, with the blue quills of the wings standing out distinctly from the white down. While we were photographing the nest and young, the old birds were wheeling close round our heads uttering their shrill "Ab-ab-ab" of alarm. The numerous remains of puffins and rabbits showed what a toll the owners levied. By listening attentively at one of the old walls further on, we located the stormy petrel (*Thalassidroma pelagica*) by its murmurous snore. Moving a few stones, we found the birds, but no nest or eggs, it being as yet too early. Like the shearwater, during the nesting season the petrel is a fly-by-night only, though I believe after the arrival of the young birds they feed the latter by day. Near here we found a colony of the kittiwake gull (*Larus rissa*) accessible

at low tide. These were noticeable as the only colony I know in many miles of wild sea cliff where a rope is not needed. It was too early to get a photograph of eggs or young, the nests themselves not as yet having been repaired. The next day by a lucky change in the weather we were able to make a dash for Grassholm. This island, a bare rock, some fifty acres or so in extent, rises from all sides to three stony bluffs in the centre. Lying as it does nine miles from Skokam and twelve from the coast, it is exposed to every wind. The landing-place is a crack between two rocks, and with any ground swell and in most winds is impossible. After a rough climb of some 30ft. we reached the grassy portion. The soil is composed entirely of guano covered with rank grass, from which, perhaps, the island takes its name. On the north-eastern side is the gannets' nesting-place, consisting of a main rookery and two smaller ones. The nests are in many cases not a foot apart, on a smooth, gently sloping cliff, and are surrounded by lumps of decomposing, half-digested fish, mostly mackerel, though we noticed small gurnard and whiting among the remains. The material of the nest is bladder-wrack broken into small pieces, but, unlike that of the gannet's cousin, the cormorant, it is not smothered in whitewash. The stench is awe-inspiring, reminding the bystanders of a fish manure factory in full blast. A slight discussion arose here, H— flatly declining to assist the writer to make a pile of the fish remains for camera purposes. On the stony bluffs that crown the island we found more than a dozen great black-backed gulls' nests. Such a number in a space of not more than 100 square yards is, I should think, very unusual. Among them was one clutch of eggs, three in number, of a delicate pale blue-green, sparsely marked with large dark brown blotches, an egg, in fact, more like a guillemot's than a gull's. Save for kittiwake and puffin, other nests there was none. The gannets, under the protection they have lately enjoyed, are increasing in numbers every year, and there are now on a rough estimate about 200 nests. Owing to their solitary home the owners are bold to the verge of indifference, one plate we exposed being only at a distance of 6ft. from the sitting bird. Our time on Grassholm was limited by the impossibility of anchoring, and we were soon bowling back to Milford Haven in front of a stiff north-wester and a flood tide.

In the course of this article I have not mentioned the guillemots or razor-bills, as at the date of our visit they had only just arrived. On both Skokam and Skomer hut circles are very numerous, showing their occupancy in prehistoric times by others than birds.

PORLOCK.

TOURISTS in the West Country who make their way to Lynton and the North Devon coast by the West Somerset route from Taunton, get a very pleasant impression of the pretty village of Porlock, which they reach after a drive of six or seven miles from Minehead, the terminus of the railway line. Passing through the village,

coach or carriage will pull up at the delightful and picturesque old hostelry The Ship, to rest and water the horses before they start to climb the uncompromisingly steep Porlock Hill on to the moor, which shoulders up like the side of a thatch roof, some thousand feet above the vale of Porlock. It is a hill to be remembered, for few but the aged or infirm are allowed to ride up its steepest part. Natural sympathy with the horses, that toil slowly up, will prompt everyone who is not physically unfit, or who was not born tired, to walk on from The Ship and give the animals the benefit.

In the case of the coach, which does the hill with four horses and a "jack," the passengers whose only affliction is laziness are not allowed to choose for themselves. The driver will commence by suggesting that a little walk will be beneficial and stretch their legs. If this hint be disregarded, he will ask more directly for the sake of the horses, and one facetious coachman used as a last resource to appeal to all the young people under thirty to get down. It need hardly be said that this rarely failed in its effect, although occasionally a lady of uncertain age would smile grimly and sit tight. And when that happened the bystander would know that that particular passenger had been there before, and preferred to save her breath, even at the sacrifice of her reputation of youthfulness. The young folk who get down first start swiftly and gaily up the road, that is, if it be their first visit to that part of the country, with youthful impulse to try and walk as far as they can before the coach shall overtake them. But when they turn the corner and face the



S. L. Coulthurst.

THE SHIP AT PORLOCK.

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first slope they look upon life a little more seriously, and even those who are stoutest of limb will turn aside at the first gate they come to and admire with gasping enthusiasm the lovely view below.

Coming back on the same road, with the break and the drag on, timid passengers would gladly get down and walk to avoid tumbling down into the valley. The drive from Lynton to Porlock is certainly a very beautiful one on a fine clear day in August, when the heather and ling are in full flower, for it is along the fringe of Exmoor that the heather flourishes most luxuriantly. On the right hand stretches the great moor in undulating waves of rolling, rounded hills—green, grey, brown, or purple in the varying lights and shadows. Down below are combs clothed with woods, through which run hidden streams known to the red deer folk and those who hunt them. On the left side the ground for a great part of the way slopes down steeply, and then precipitously, through dense woods to the Severn sea, across which in the distance is the outline of the Welsh coast. The view of Porlock Vale from the top of the hill on this side is one of singular beauty. Directly on the left are the plantations of Ashley Combe, Earl Lovelace's place, below which lies the little hamlet harbour of Porlock Weir. From here along the flat coast stretches a curving sweep of grey



S. L. Coulthurst.

OFF PORLOCK WEIR.

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shingle, terminating in the bold rocky headland of Hurlstone Point, the extremity of a line of bold hills running from Bossington towards Minehead Bay, a glimpse of which can be seen in the distance.

Inside the natural breakwater of the shingle bank are marshes, meadows, and cornfields, diapered by hedges into patches of every shade of green and gold, and further in, nestling under the first slope of the land upward towards the moor, lies Porlock, with its roofs of thatch and tile amidst

orchards, and with the truncated shingle spire of the church as the central object. A quaint little church is Porlock Church, dedicated to St. Dubricius—"Dubric the high saint, chief of the Church in Britain," as Tennyson describes him, who, according to Arthurian legend, married King Arthur and Guinivere.

The village is quaint, pretty, and prosperous-looking. Many of the houses are thatched, and fuchsias, roses, and myrtles in the gardens or climbing over the walls show the soft mildness of the climate. Several of the houses have their chimneys built on the outside towards the street. A notable example of this is the old Ship Hotel, which has already been referred to as the hostelry where the coaches stop, and the photograph of the place shows the little window in the old chimney corner looking out on the road.



W. Rawings.

WEST PORLOCK, LOOKING TOWARDS PORLOCK WEIR.

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THE PATRIARCH WALNUT TREE AT BOSSINGTON.

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A quiet little place is Porlock during the months when the red deer hinds are looking after their calves in the thick coverts of the wooded combes, and when the stags are hiding with their growing horns in tender velvet sheaths. But Porlock wakes up when the stag-hunting begins in August and stags, although fat and unwilling to face the moor on a hot day, are "warrantable." Every year hunting-men come from all parts of the country to enjoy the old royal sport, for nowhere else but on Exmoor can they find the ancient sport in its real character of the chase of the wild red deer.

The season opens with the time-honoured and traditional meet at Cloutsham, a farm lying under the great shoulder of Dunkery, the highest hill on Exmoor, on the top of which is the beacon immortalised by Blackmore in "Lorna Doone." It belongs to the Aclands, and the field meets close by on a rounded knoll, known as Cloutsham Ball. It is like a huge picnic or a gathering for a race-meeting, and the opening meet at Cloutsham is a

fixed festival for all the country round. Carriage horses are taken out and tethered along the hedgerows, carriages are ranged, table-cloths are spread, and tempting luncheons arranged, whilst the crowd forms a dense ring round the splendid pack, and hunting men and women from all the shires greet each other in glad welcome back to Exmoor for another season. The walk from Porlock up to Cloutsham is well worth taking.

Turning up by the church there is a rough road and path leading to the Horner Water. Crossing a delightful old pack-horse bridge, the stream is followed up to Horner Mill, where many a gallant stag after a long run has faced his foes and died. The carriages from Minehead and Porlock take the road up by the mill, but pedestrians pass on, and crossing a little wooden bridge on the left some way further on, climb a steep path leading up to the farm.

From Cloutsham Ball there is a magnificent view of the Horner Woods on one side and of Dunkery Hill on the other,



W. Rawlings.

ALLERFORD BRIDGE.

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and a more perfect panorama of moor and woodland, with a glimpse of sea, it would be difficult to find. And Porlock has many attractions for the holiday-maker, even if he does not hunt. There are walks in all directions. From the gate of Ashley Combe a runaway narrow path winds through the woods along the face of the cliff to the tiny church of Culbone, and this walk can be extended on beyond towards the picturesque Glenthorne. On the other side of Porlock there is within easy distance the ideal West Country village of Bossington, where roses climb up the white walls, hollyhocks of every colour grow almost as high as the eaves of the thatch roofs, and where in the gardens flourish a wealth of old-fashioned country garden flowers. The Horner stream runs through the village, and walnut trees abound, one in particular being a veritable patriarch in girth and spread of branches. This tree, of which we give a photograph, has the distinction of having roused the interest of Mr. Gladstone, who visited the village some years ago when he was staying with the late Sir Thomas Acland. With his thirst for knowledge he insisted on measuring the circumference, and the incident has passed into the history of this quiet little village in the West. Another pleasant walk is to the hamlet of Allerford, with its pretty bridge and mill, and through the Selworthy Woods, the property of the Dyke Aclands, whose seat at Holnicote is close by. From the Minehead road a side road, entirely arched by the overhanging branches of the trees on either side, leads up to the church and the Selworthy cottages, where may be seen a fascinating little "haven of rest" for old people connected with the estate. The cottages are picturesque, and with the glow of colour of the flowers in the gardens, on the walls, and in the windows, the little lawn shaded by fine old trees, and the atmosphere of rest and quietude, the spot is one to dream of.

What more can the pleasant holiday seeker want than moors, woods, streams, and West Country villages? And added to these attractions there is the pleasurable excitement of horses, hounds, and the sight of the wild red deer in their native haunts.

F. C. G.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE SWEET WILLIAM.

THIS is, of course, a Pink, and known in books as *Dianthus barbatus*, and from childhood's days we remember the quaint clustering of flowers on their strong and dark stems. Sometimes the leaves were a fresh green, sometimes almost black, so intense was the shade of brown, and occasionally a plant had a mingling of the two colours; but, whatever the shade, we have no recollection of anything unnatural or unpleasant in this variety of foliage tinting. We were looking at a large grouping of this delightful old garden flower a few days ago, and saw the same difference in the leaf shading; but how great a change in the colouring, thanks to the hybridist and selector of the best varieties. The whole series was distinguished by shades of pink, and one variety in particular was a bright rose pink with a touch of salmon, quite unlike what has been raised hitherto. The plants were from Messrs. Sutton and Sons' seed. We were glad to know that this rose pink and salmon colouring is to be extended. While this newer strain, as the florist calls a selection of colour in one class of plants, is welcome, the other forms must not be forgotten—the warm crimsons, reds, clear whites, and a few of the spotted varieties, especially those with a self colour and dark centre. The old double crimson Sweet William is one of the richest in colour, and the individual flower may be likened to a little rosette of petals.



S. L. Coullhurst. THE MILL AT ALLERFORD.

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The way to preserve a variety true is to raise it from cuttings, and this may be done at the present time, when fairly well-ripened shoots may be selected, cut just under a joint, and dibbled in under a hand-glass, preparing the soil a little beforehand. They will quickly root, and in the autumn may be planted in the places chosen for them to flower in. Sweet Williams are not strictly perennial. Occasionally they will last more than two years, but our experience is that they are only biennial, that is, they flower the following year after the seed has been sown or the cuttings taken. The time to sow seed is early June, sowing in shallow pans or pots, and placing them in a cold frame. The seeds quickly germinate, and the seedlings may then be planted out. It is always interesting to watch seedlings open their flowers. There is the charm of expectancy. The flower may be worthless or beautiful, but those worth retaining are few in number. Occasionally a rich prize may appear and our diligence be rewarded. Thousands of seedlings have been sown and weary years of waiting passed before the flowers we cherish in our gardens at the present day were born. The labours of the hybridist are not free from the keenest disappointments, but it is only men of grit that undertake the work.

TWO DEADLY ENEMIES OF THE CARNATION.

The two deadliest enemies of the Carnation are the Carnation maggot and the wireworm. As we are thinking of Carnations during this month more, perhaps, than at any other time, it may be instructive to refer to these. Mr. Douglas, the well-known grower and raiser of new Carnations, writes as follows about them: "The Carnation maggot is the larva of a dipterous fly, which has been named *Hylemyia nigrescens*, and greatly resembles the common house-fly. This insignificant pest, to all appearances, is not to be trifled with, as it does great damage to the plants. It does not attack them so much in the greenhouse as in the garden. Seedlings and layers out of doors are often badly infested with it, while layers under glass escape. The flies may be seen busy amongst the plants in April and later. They drop their eggs at the base of the leaves, a small maggot is hatched out, which eats its way down the leaves and into the centre of the plants; it works its way down the leaf under the membrane, a whitish line showing the path it has taken. If its track is followed it may be caught, and if its presence is discovered in the centre of the plant pick it out with a needle and destroy it. It may be found in the form of a small white maggot or in the chrysalis state, when it is of a brown colour. The centre leaves are often eaten through at the base, and may be pulled out, so that the chrysalis or maggot may be found. The plant is often worthless; but it is best to get out the maggots at whatever cost, as the chrysalis may speedily develop another fly, which, in its turn, may be the parent of a fresh brood of



S. L. Coullhurst.

PORLOCK: A SELWORTHY COTTAGE.

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maggots, which may be found on the plants in autumn and winter. There is no other way of dealing with this pest except to hunt it out in the way described."

The wireworm is the most destructive of all pests. It works under ground, and is the larva of certain beetles belonging to the family Elateridae, known under the popular names of skipjack, snap-beetle, and click-beetle. The wireworm is well known. It is of a brownish yellow colour, and remains in the larva condition for three or four years. It is seldom found in ground that has been long under cultivation. Wireworms are found in pasture-land where the beetles congregate and deposit their eggs, the larvæ living on the roots until they pass through the usual transformations to the beetle stage. All sorts of remedies have been suggested for their destruction; their numbers may be reduced by trapping, but it is impossible to completely destroy them. Carrots are the best traps, or, failing these, Potatoes will answer. Thick slices of Carrot or Potato are stuck on the end of sticks and are buried under ground, where the wireworms are, to a depth of from 3 in. to 6 in. After a week or so examine them, and the wireworms will be found half buried in the tubers or in the Carrots. Hundreds may be killed in this way.

RANDOM NOTES.

A Beautiful Tree Ivy.—In the groups of Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Handsworth, Sheffield, at the Temple and other exhibitions of late, a bush Ivy, known as *himalaica*, has been shown in the way it should be planted in the home garden. It is unfortunate that the bush Ivies should suffer apparently perennial neglect. They are shrubs of the greatest value in English estates for planting in woodland, by drives, and in the garden itself,

where perhaps by lawn or shrubbery margin this free-growing and handsome shrub has a look of cheerfulness throughout the year. The bush Ivies, of course, retain their leaves the whole year, and are in brightest dress when the Hollies in the hedgerow shine with their clusterings of scarlet berries. Ivy *himalaica* has leaves resembling those of *amurensis*, pretty glistening green leaves almost tapering to a point, a shrub that one would notice among its fellows for a certain refinement and grace which even *amurensis* does not possess.

Caterpillars in Phloxes.—The herbaceous Phlox is not free from caterpillars. A little green pest eats into the young growing shoots, and in time will devour all the centres, with, of course, the result that flowers are absent when the time comes for them to develop. We looked at our Phloxes in time, but several shoots have been set back considerably through this pest. A few hours a week, unless the garden is very large, will be sufficient to go carefully over Rose and Phlox, and any other choice plants. The destruction one caterpillar will accomplish in a few days is astonishing, and we know no other remedy except hand-picking. The pest is in the shoot itself, and an insecticide sufficiently strong to kill it would destroy the shoot also.

Rosa austriaca striata.—A bunch of this pretty form of the Austrian Briar was shown by Mr. Alfred Tate, Downside, Leatherhead, a few days ago before the Royal Horticultural Society, when it received an award of merit. The flowers are like those of the parent in size and shape, but the colouring is yellow, with streaks of orange and red, a very beautiful mingling of warm shades, without any of the ugly striping that the word "*striata*" usually conveys.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE'S STUD.

NO one who could have shared with me the privilege, so readily and courteously granted, of visiting Lord Ellesmere's stud at Stetchworth could have failed to appreciate the place and its surroundings. The stud farm is most beautifully situated. Although only about two and a-half miles from Newmarket, and almost within hearing of the roar of the ring, it is, so to speak, out of the world, and an air of absolute peace and happy quietude pervades the finely-timbered and beautifully undulating pastures comprised in the various paddocks. The stud buildings themselves are models of compactness, neatness, and the strictest cleanliness, as indeed they are sure to be under the careful and unremitting supervision of John Castle. There are several yards, but one may be taken as a specimen of the others. A large rectangular enclosure, facing nearly due south, it contains some thirty-six lofty and roomy boxes for mares. The foaling boxes are arranged in pairs, with a small saddle room between them for the men to sit in, whilst trap doors in the wall on either side enable them to watch the mares without disturbing them, and a very excellent plan is



W. A. Rouch.

TRAVESTY.

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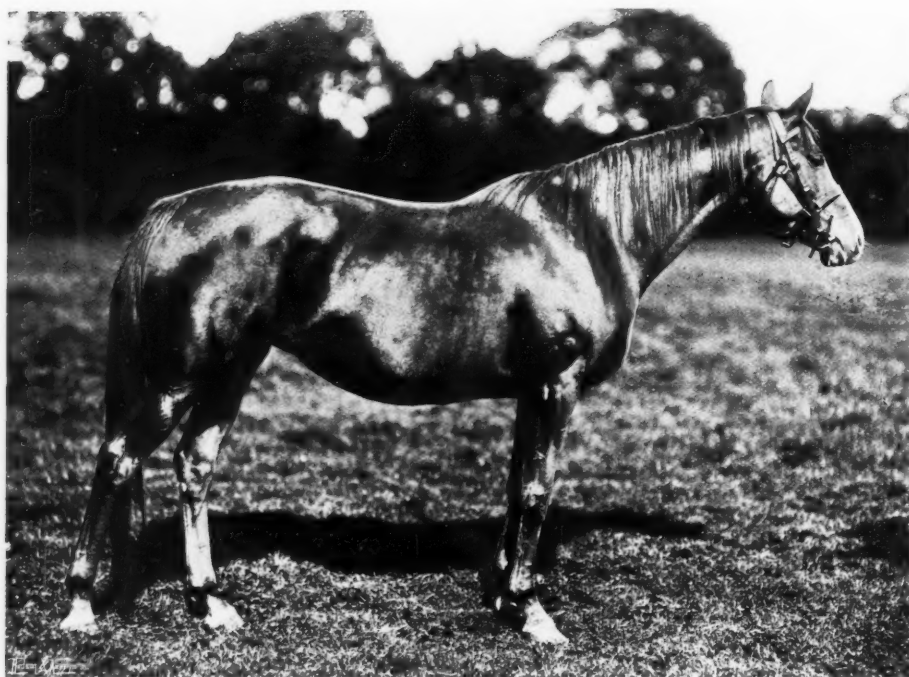
this. There are also on the other side of the gateway the corn boxes, steeping bin for making mashes, and it is needless to say the oats are of the very best, for, as Castle observes, "if you want the best results, you must have the very best materials." He has, by the way, also adopted what, to my mind, is the very excellent plan of leaving the top half of the mares' boxes open day and night, and his reason for so doing is so full of sound, practical common-sense, that it seems to me the idea will commend itself to most people. If a box is kept shut up all night, the air within certainly becomes more or less heated and vitiated—a fact which can easily be verified by any owner of stables—and when the men come in in the morning and fling back the top half of the doors there is an immediate inrush of the outside air. In cold weather the effect of this is often not long in making itself felt; moreover, when the mares are turned out of their warm boxes into paddocks that may be cold and damp, the effect must surely be rather detrimental than otherwise. Another feature to be noticed is the excellent manner in which the curve of the railings which enclose the paddocks is so



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SABRA.

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NONE THE WISER.

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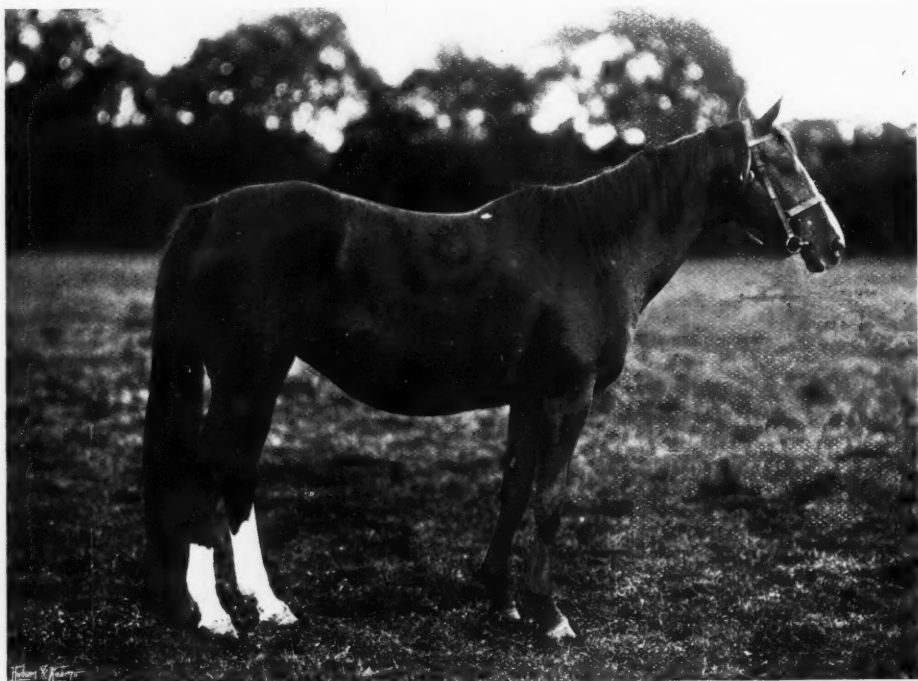
arranged that there can by no possibility be any sort of "corner." Foals and yearlings gallop about a good deal, and if there are corners to their paddocks, they are apt to go galloping on without noticing it into a corner, when they find themselves obliged to "prop" in order to stop suddenly; and there can be no doubt as to the injurious effect that "propping" has on young and immature joints. Nothing is left to chance in Lord Ellesmere's establishment, and on every side one finds abundant evidence of careful management and eminently practical knowledge. Castle suggests that the horses shall be visited first, and accordingly Zamiel's box is thrown open, and there he is, a fine whole-coloured bay horse, with well-placed shoulders, capital galloping quarters, first-rate back and loins, with plenty of length, and good to follow. This horse is quite a good son of Hampton, and his dam, Zee, is not only beautifully bred, being by The Palmer out of Lady Blanche, but she belongs to the No. 2 family, which has been doing so well of late. Zamiel is the sire of Sohemus, Zamiella, Zam, and Firmilian, and his fee is a very nominal one. King's Courier comes next, a very taking sort of a horse too, a good dark chestnut in colour, with plenty of bone and substance, wonderful back and loins, and a beautifully-balanced horse all round. He stands very true, and is a very fast walker; he is an American-bred horse by Kingston, and his dam, Stylitene, was by Stylites, by Hermit. He was a very good-class race-horse himself, winning, amongst other races, the Congress Hall Stakes, Nursery Handicap, White Plains Handicap, the Doncaster Cup, and the Jockey Club Cup. His stock are very promising, and are, I think, sure to do well.

I cannot help thinking that Castle has a tender spot somewhere in his heart for Proclamation, perhaps on account of the sort of family likeness he has to his sire Hampton. At all events, here he is, a rich bay horse, most beautifully proportioned; he looks small, but is actually over 16h. rin., with first-rate legs, and capital knees and hocks. He has inherited his sire's sweet temper and disposition. His dam, Protocol, is by the famous Isonomy out of Eirene. Mr. Stedall sent seven mares to Proclamation, and is the fortunate possessor of five excellent foals.

Now for some of the mares and foals, and out we go into the glorious sunshine. How good it all is! There is an indescribable freshness and the faint perfume of opening buds in the air, a solemn rook is cawing words of wisdom to the world at large—I wonder what he knows!—and a great big bumble-bee goes

buzzing along in front of us on his way to tap the nectar of a fresh young bud of May. Quite in keeping with the gladsome scene is the low whinny of recognition with which the mares greet their friend as Castle opens the gate leading into the first paddock, and here is Travesty, a very nice mare by that speedy horse Trappist, and with quite a nice colt foal by Zamiel. The fair sex are sometimes jealous, and Athenais does not see why she too should not get some notice, and here she comes swinging easily along, followed by a slashing bay colt by King's Courier. She is a beautiful Hampton mare, and this foal is a very good one, wonderfully good to follow already, beautifully placed shoulders, plenty of length and scope. That strapping chestnut mare just over the brow is Windlass (3), by Lowland Chief, with a bay colt by Ladas, a very good foal too, a first-rate walker, and showing a lot of quality, and is bound to race, I think. Fortalice has a nice daughter by Orme, and the youngster shows both class and power. Fairmile has a chestnut filly by King's Courier, with remarkable shoulders, and a capital back and galloping quarters. Harlequinade has a useful-looking bay colt by King's Courier; and, true to her name, here comes Inquisitive, anxious

to know what we are doing, and to show us her very nice daughter by King's Courier. In an adjoining paddock are the yearling colts, and the first one that comes cantering up is a bay colt by Orme out of Missive (3). This is a beautifully bred colt, and must race; he is a nice rangy youngster, with plenty of liberty. Here they are all round us now, and what's that nibbling at the back of my coat? Well, if you don't race, my beauty, you ought to—that's all I can say. Get away, and let me see you move; and



W. A. Rouch.

WINDLASS.

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this son of Wolfscrag and Farce slips off with his hind legs tucked under him like a hare, and shoulders reaching out with the precision of machinery. The brown colt by Freemason out of Harlequinade is a powerful youngster, with lots of bone, and might grow into a good horse, though I cannot say I like Freemason's stock as a rule. That nice-looking bay who is walking off so easily and gracefully is by Donovan out of Inquisitive, shows a lot of quality, and looks very racing-like. The yearling fillies are not far off, and a beautiful paddock it is that is set apart for them to play in. The best of them, to my mind, is the bay filly by Childwick out of Protocol, the dam of Proclamation. This filly is marked much like that good horse Joshua, and is a good all-round mover, and shows plenty of quality. I also like much the look and style of the daughter of Wolfscrag and

Sabra. Here comes a very racing-like filly—what liberty she has! This one is by Prisoner out of Windlass, who, by the way, has already produced some five or six winners. The bay filly by Zamiel out of Aspatia is quite a good sort, and none the worse for being a bit shorter coupled than some of Zamiel's stock. I find I am not the only visitor to Stetchworth to-day, for unless I am much mistaken that is Sir R. Hermon Hodge walking across the paddock, and Castle says he has two very nice mares there, so we go across towards them. The first is Vaudeville, by Boulevard, with a really nice foal by Perigord, and the other is Villa Vista, by Bona Vista, with a beautiful

the April sunshine, and in the golden light the high-bred matrons of the stud saunter lazily and contentedly about, daintily picking the choicest morsels of the fresh young herbage as they go. The mare under the spreading tree is Sabra, by St. Simon, a beautiful mare, and showing plenty of the quality of her sire; she has, unfortunately, slipped her foal, and has now paid a visit to King's Courier. Close to her is Estafette, who for some reason or other has only produced one foal, and that one is Missive, by Hampton. Castle reminds me of a very sensational race for the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood in 1880, and of a poetical tip which appeared the day before the race in one of the daily sporting papers. Here is the "poem":

"If the ground be hard and dry,
Put money on Satiety;
But should the ground be soft and wet,
Why! put it down on Estafette."

The day was cold and wet, the betting was 10 to 1 on Satiety, but Estafette won by a head!

None the Wiser, a most beautiful chestnut daughter of Wisdom and Corrie Roy, would be hard to match anywhere for size, scope, and class combined; she is the dam of Joshua, by Childwick, and this colt, by winning upwards of £4,865 in stakes alone, has done his share towards recouping Lord Ellesmere for the 7,200 guineas which he gave for None the Wiser. She has a very heavily-engaged two year old filly, Sotto Voce, by Isinglass, but is unfortunately barren this year, and has now contracted an alliance with King's Courier. Lady Clarendon and Farce, both by Hampton, and both in foal to King's Courier, are trotting about at the foot of the slope. It is with reluctance that I leave these beautiful paddocks, but time is pressing, and so we bend our steps towards Mr. Castle's house, stopping for a moment on the way to look at Hampton's carefully-tended grave in a corner of the home paddock. A granite curbstone marks its outlines, a rustic fence protects it from the

vulgar gaze, and Castle is anxiously waiting for the tablet which is to be put up to keep alive the memory of the brave deeds of the old horse and the prowess of his descendants. Hampton's head, by the way, beautifully stuffed by Rowland Ward, hangs on the wall in Castle's drawing-room, a present from Lord Ellesmere, to whom he is absolutely devoted. T. H. B.

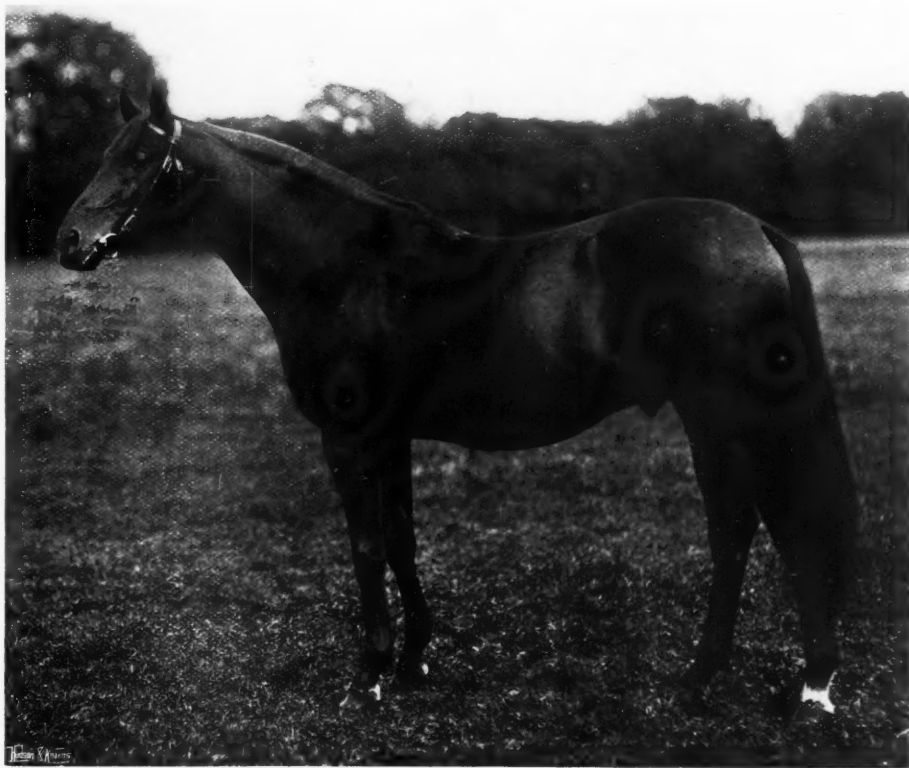


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KING'S COURIER.

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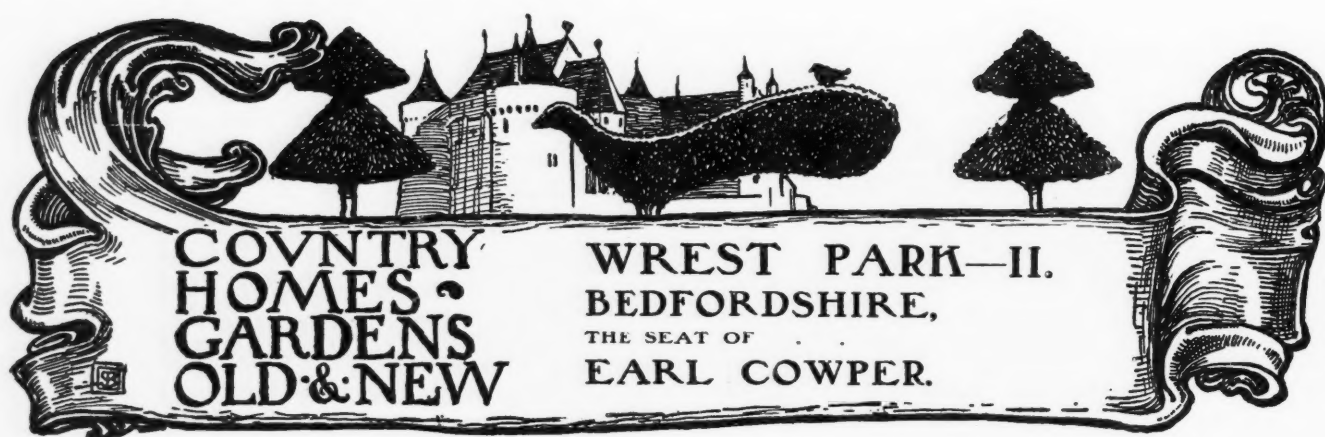
foal by Macintosh, the promising young Childwick sire, and I think that, unless appearances are altogether wrong, Sir R. Hermon Hodge may look forward to the day when this foal will win him a good race. Macintosh himself is quite a young horse, foaled in 1898, and is by Florizel out of Cullercoats. He won two races as a two year old, and with four consecutive victories in 1901 he had an unbeaten record as a three year old. Mr. M. J. Hussey also has that good mare Orange Lily, by Baliol out of Dutch Rose, on a visit to Stetchworth, and her foal by Cherry Tree has quite a look of the old breed about him. Some more of the yearling fillies are cantering about, as if to remind us that they, too, are worth looking at. Just down by the rails is a bay daughter of Freemason and Fortalice, who, by the way, was third in the Oaks, and the chief characteristics of this young lady are her great bone and well-developed hocks. South Edinburgh, the property of Sir T. Dewar, has a chestnut filly by Zamiel, who does credit to her sire, and is a nice powerful, deep-bodied youngster, with a good deal of character about her; and that powerful bay filly galloping off with a fling of her racing-like quarters is by Ravensbury out of Lady Clarendon. Time is going on, and there are some mares in the park paddocks that I must see; and so across the road we go, and I shall not readily forget the beauty of the scene as we enter the park. Against the dark background of a belt of Scotch firs the fresh vivid green of the young chestnut leaves shows out with a soft clearness, and the sun lends a magic radiance to the tender hop-like buds of the great Canadian elms; the Devil's Dyke and the dark firs are away in the distance, the paddocks are bathed in the glory of



W. A. Rouch

PROCLAMATION.

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TO the left of the main vista, leading from the house to the long canal, is the orchard. It is a large rectangle set with ancient apple trees, but enclosed with a fine yew hedge. In the centre is a pool, covered in early summer with the perfumed flowers of an exotic water-lily. In the centre a hoary statue of old Atlas bears the globe, and round, on the lawns, the apple blossoms fall in showers. These apple trees bear greatly increased crops of fruit and larger apples since the sensible plan of clearing away the grass for a circle of 5ft. in diameter round the stem, and covering the surface with manure, has been adopted. At a depth of only a few inches, thousands of little white rootlets grow upwards to the added soil, and suck in nutriment. This old orchard ground is a particularly pretty addition to the formal gardens, being scarcely separated from a wide area of mown turf, set with fountains and statues. The main fountain, at the intersection of the walk to the orangery on the one side, and the orchard ground on the other, midway, too, between the house and the canal, is now surrounded by statues which formerly stood at more distant points. The goldfish in this large basin are periodically raided by the herons, which find them a particularly tempting prey in their midnight fishing journeys.

The view backwards towards the house is very beautiful, the gently ascending gradations of garden and terraces being flanked by immense and massive elms, and some of the finest limes in England. The illustrations, taken before the leaf obscured their shape, show the quantity of mistletoe which grows on these trees. There is, perhaps, even more than on those at Hampton Court. The trees, too, are much larger. One gigantic lime, which cannot be less than 120ft. in height, measures 18ft. 10in. round at 2ft. above the ground. Some of the large elms have as many as a dozen bunches of mistletoe on them. Not far off the giant lime is one of the largest wellingtonias in England. Of course, it is a mere infant in age and size compared with those on the Pacific slopes; but its history is curious as showing the rate of growth. Some fifty-four years ago, when this species of tree was regarded as a curiosity, this particular specimen was kept in a cool greenhouse in a 6in. pot, and was often brought in to decorate the dining-table!

South of the long canal, and in a measure to the east of it, also lies a quite different type of garden, if that is the name by which it should be called; but the old Greek name of "Paradise" would be almost better applied to it. It is, in the main,





THE ORANGERY WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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GIANT YEW HEDGE.

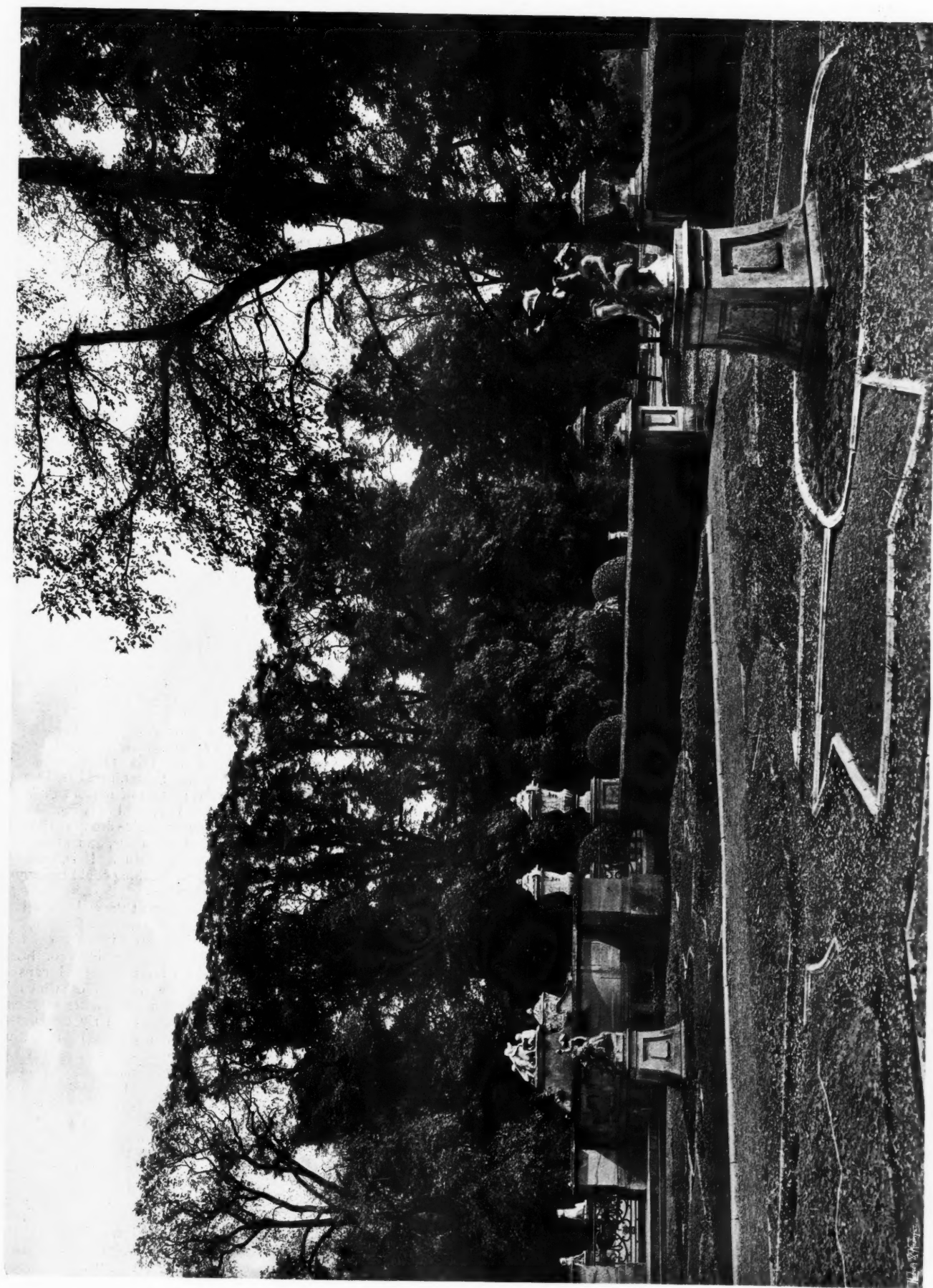
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THE BANQUETING-HOUSE.

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THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

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WEST SIDE OF THE LONG CANAL.

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WHERE THE MISTLETOE GROWS.

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THE BOWLING GREEN.

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an adaptation of Nature, in which groves of tall trees, covering 100 acres of ground, are pierced with vistas, bordered by serpentine streams, divided by long green ribands of grass walk, edged with cut yew, intersected by classic paths, and set with statues, pavilions, obelisks, and altars at the crossways. Here and there is some old-fashioned "conceit," such as the reproduction of the scene of the willow-pattern plate, with the bridge, the "shell" fountain, the weeping willow, and the temple; the tree with cannon balls on it instead of leaves, is the only thing omitted. The waters widen further on almost into a lake, with splendid copper beeches drooping over them. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in these interminable groves is the gigantic size, and especially the height, of some of the trees. There is a spruce fir, which cannot be other than the largest in England. It measures 17½ ft. round the trunk, and towers to a vast height. The age is guessed as being at least two centuries and a-half, and the character of its growth and branches suggests high antiquity. In the same grove is the second largest beech in the county, measuring 18½ ft. in girth, and with a stem as straight, as sound, and almost as smooth as a reed. You could walk for hours in this lovely place, constantly seeing fresh beauty. Repeatedly, too, the visitor comes across some memorial of the Duke of Kent, who laid out the walks and grottoes, pools, and waters; or to his children, whom he saw buried; or to one of his friends. The earls and countesses, and the duke and his descendants, all seem to have enjoyed thoroughly what has been called the "lapidary style," and put memorials to themselves, their children, their friends, their artists, and even to their dogs, of which there is a whole necropolis in these grounds. The inscriptions are very manly and natural too. Embedded in this maze of woods is a long parallelogram of still water, set in a flat margin of smooth turf, and backed by a lofty wall of trimmed yew. Over this on every side droop the boughs of gigantic forest trees, and at one end stands a white statue. It is, perhaps, 100 yds. long. Nothing could be simpler or more effective.

The pavilion at the end of the long canal is one of the best examples of garden architecture in this country. It is a lofty octagon, built of brick, domed, and with pedimented caps to the side alcoves, each of which is alternated with a small flattened dome. The interior was formerly elaborately painted, but the charm of the work undoubtedly consists in the exterior elevation. It is the work of Sir William Chambers, and was built by him for the Duke of Kent, the last of the De Grey family of the direct line of the Earls of Kent, and ancestor of the present owner's mother, in the reign of Queen Anne. In front of this is a fine sundial, on the plate of which is engraved the Duke's coat of arms and supporters.

Among the inscriptions in this part of the gardens is one upon a column stating that "These gardens were begun in the year 1706 by the Duke of Kent, who continued to beautify them until the year 1740; the work was again carried on by Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, and Jemima, Marchioness de Grey (granddaughter of the Duke of Kent), with

the professional assistance of Lancelot Browne, Esq., 1758-60." Among the trees in a little cleared circle are four ancient moss-grown altars, which were purchased by the Countess de Grey about 1817, and are believed to be genuine "antiques." Across the "serpentine river," fed by the fine spring in the gardens, lies the Old Park, which was the original deer park of Wrest. It enables any visitor who has seen both to imagine how beautiful Hampton Court was when the canals and gardens were bordered, not by an almost treeless park, as they are now, but by one full of ancient oaks and other timber. At Wrest the margin of this park, seen from the edge of the Duke's garden, is beautiful in the extreme. The park itself is flat, and studded with splendid old oaks, mainly pollards. It is bordered by the wide artificial river, which looks as if it were a natural stream. On the inner side of this is cut grass and turf, and next to this the groves of great trees of the Duke's garden, encircled by a fine cut yew hedge.

The western canal is one of three features which together make up another precinct in the garden. It is called the bowling-green; but is, in reality, a very large lawn, forming the centre of the three very different and most beautiful objects referred to. One of these, on the side furthest from the house, is the western canal, a long oblong of water, backed by a screen of yews. These yews are treated in a novel and very successful way. The lower parts are clipped, and make what appears to be a lofty cut yew hedge. The upper parts are allowed to grow to a great height, and send out long, feathery branches high over the pool. On the right of the lawn, looking from the house, is another very fine piece of garden architecture. It is really a very large dining-room, finely, though simply, decorated in the style of Queen Anne, or with an Anglicised interpretation of French motives. The fireplaces are excellent in design. Outside is a broad portico supported on pillars, and the windows are wide and come down low, so that a party dining within on a beautiful summer evening would see all the tranquil beauties of the pool, the broad lawn, and the avenues and arcaded walks on the other side of the lawn. There is no kitchen attached, as there was to the garden dining-room of William III. at Hampton Court; but temporary kitchens could, no doubt, have been put up behind if needed. It was probably used more frequently to lunch in. The opposite side of this great bowling green is exquisite indeed. The main enclosing line is formed by a tall yew hedge; but in front of this is a line of beautiful Dutch elms, and through the yew fence is a passage cut, leading down a vista also made of clipped yew. So that looking from under the columns of this elegant Palladian banqueting-house you see in front a vast lawn, and beyond that statues, and beyond them the greyish trunks of the elms, and behind them the dark yew fence, all gleaming with different lights and shades, and through that a vista leading to the unknown, and on the right the soft greens and dark shadows of the great pool and the yew screen behind. Remember, too, that all this is of vast size and exquisitely cared for, and some idea of the beauty of the whole may, perhaps, be suggested to the reader. Beyond the yew fence opposite is one of the loveliest things at Wrest. It is an avenue of Dutch elms growing out of the smooth-cut turf, with a pretty and very long-arched walk of some bright green growth on one side of and parallel with it. The photograph, taken from just across the western canal, and looking up it, makes verbal description needless.

Nearer the house lies a garden called, for some reason not very apparent, "the American Ground," and to the left of this, near the orangery, is one of the oldest features of the gardens, and by no means the least remarkable; it is a vast yew hedge, larger than all the others, and reputed to be 300 years old. The yews which make it are trees, not bushes.



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FROM EAST TO WEST.

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THE ELM AVENUE.

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THE LONG CANAL AND PAVILION.

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ON THE SOUTH TERRACE.

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THE LONG CANAL AND PAVILION.

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THE LONG CANAL.

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The total measurement through is 24ft. and the height about 30ft. Such, in outline, is the lovely domain created by generations of the great house of De Grey, whose descendant on his mother's side, Earl Cowper, maintains the beauties which they successively created. It is impossible not to feel that every lawn and every tree and each pool and walk is the object of individual solicitude, while at the same time there is so much to see, and to appreciate, that a single day is not sufficient even to view the whole once in any detail.

INDIAN SPORT.

IN this book ("The Sportsman's Book for India," Horace Marshall and Son) the general editor, Mr. F. G. Aflalo, seems to us to have succeeded excellently well in the task he has set himself. This was no less than to get together in one volume a series of chapters by experts on every known variety of Indian outdoor sport. The undertaking was manifestly a difficult one. Mr. Aflalo has, however, had plenty of experience in this kind of literature; he was one of the three editors of "The Encyclopædia of Sport"; and in the present instance he has undoubtedly succeeded in producing a volume which will not only be welcome to the all-round Indian sportsman, but should prove of the greatest service to the novice and the traveller.

There have been many books dealing with various phases of Indian sport. Of these the most sumptuous was "Oriental Field Sports," published with great magnificence in the reign of



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WHERE THE ROSES GROW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Kinloch, a first-rate authority, writes on rhinoceros and "bison" (gaur); Captain A. G. Arbuthnot treats of Himalayan and Kashmir shooting, as well as bison-shooting in Central India; Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Bairnsfather deals with deer and antelope of the Indian Plains. In all these instances the work is done, and very capably done, by experts; the information is brought thoroughly up to date, and there is a great deal of most useful detail as to arms, outfit, routes, and the nature of the country shot over.

Sir Montagu Gerard puts the cost of each tiger killed by the sportsman of the present day, even under the most favourable circumstances, at £25 per head; tiger-shooting may, therefore, be now looked upon as almost as expensive a luxury as renting a Scottish deer forest. Speaking of the big shoots from howdah elephants, patronised so largely by the great Indian Feudatory Princes and their guests, Sir Montagu says: "Neither woodcraft nor particularly good shooting is requisite, as one often fires merely at the moving grass. You may perfectly well wear a suit of white drill, with tennis shoes and many men use umbrellas going to and from the beats, and have baskets of ice and drinks underneath the seats



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WREST PARK: AMERICAN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the howdah. There is not the smallest risk incurred by any, save possibly the mahouts or people on the pad elephants, and ladies frequently accompany such parties, with no more fatigue than is inseparable from the heat and the monotonous jolting of the elephant."

This form of tiger-shooting, popular as it is, is a distinctly Oriental form of sport; lion-hunting in Africa, where the sportsman has no such adventitious aids, and depends for his success upon his own pluck and straight shooting, is a more adventurous and, to our mind, a far more British method of pursuing dangerous game. Elephant-shooting is not dealt with in these chapters, Mr. Aflalo pointing out that, although here and there in Mysore and Travancore the Rajahs occasionally permit distinguished visitors to shoot these animals, the wild elephant is now strictly preserved in British territory, and for the purposes of this book may be ignored. The information on Indian big-game-hunting generally is well written, and will be found as engaging to the general reader as to those specially interested in sport in Hindostan.

Colonel Bairnsfather gives some very useful information on the shooting of feathered game, and there is a page on small-game-shooting in Kashmir. We should like to have seen these portions of the work rather more fully dealt with. As Colonel Bairnsfather says: "Surely no country is more favoured than India in quantity or variety of sport for the shot-gun." Moreover, with the exception of the Government reserved forest lands and some native states, all shooting of this kind is in India quite free, and trespass is little regarded either by the shooter or cultivator. Still, Colonel Bairnsfather, within the space of thirteen pages, manages to convey a good deal of most useful information on bird-shooting in the plains and among the hills, dealing particularly with snipe, teal, geese, koolen (crane), partridge, including the fine chikore, quail, sand-grouse, bustard, peafowl, woodcock, pheasant, jungle-fowl, and other varieties.

Fishing, also contributed by Colonel Bairnsfather, is excellently well done, and this portion of the book, more especially that dealing with mahseer, will be found very entertaining reading by all lovers of angling. A series of notes from correspondents in many parts of India adds considerably to the value of this

portion of the work. Sea-fishing is very adequately dealt with by Mr. F. O. Godsdon. Bahmin, seer, dangara, skipjack, rock-cod, and mullet are the most important sporting fish to be killed along the Indian coastline. Of these, bahmin run to 15lb. in weight, seer to 10lb.—a mighty capture—kookari to 8lb., and dangara to 8lb. or 9lb. These are first-rate sporting fish, which give extremely exciting runs, necessitating strong tackle, and occasionally as much as 250yds. of line.

The chapters on pig-sticking, polo, and hunting are contributed by Major Neville Taylor of the 14th Bengal Lancers. They are admirably done, and will probably appeal to the reader as much as any portion of the book. Within the space of some hundred pages Major Taylor conveys an immense deal of information, which should prove invaluable to the young horseman favouring these sports, especially if he happens to be new to India. We have read many treatises on these three kindred sports; we know of none where the subject is more ably dealt with. The choice of a horse for pig-sticking is especially well treated, and the Australian, the Arab, and the country-bred animal are discussed in all their bearings.

The accidents and exigencies of pig-sticking are well illustrated by an experience of the author's. "I once joined a party," he says, "intending to hunt for sixty consecutive days. This party was never at any one time more than five strong, and we never had less than 100 horses in camp. Owing to accidents and consequent changes of 'spears,' we had eventually had eight men through our camp, and we had to return home at the end of thirty days, because we had not a single man capable of getting on a horse, and hardly a horse capable of being hunted without a few days' rest. We had, however, a bag of 100 real good wild boar."

The remaining chapters on racing, training, cricket, rowing, golf, and other sports are very well if somewhat briefly treated, but lack of space prevents any further reference to them. This is a book which deserves and, we think, ought to find a large and steady public. The price is 18s. net. In addition to many illustrations, some good maps are provided for the reader's benefit.

DUCK-BREEDING AT NETHERBY.

II.—PINTAIL, WIGEON, AND HYBRIDS.

PINTAIL.

OF the six surface-feeding ducks, namely, the mallard, wigeon, teal, shoveler, pintail, and gadwall, the pintail is the one least often met with, except the gadwall, and more prized than the latter both for sport and for the table. The "sea pheasant," as it is often called, is seen mainly on the coast near the mouths of tidal rivers, where it is frequently found in company with wigeon. But it also haunts inland waters, though more usually found on those within an easy flight of the sea. There is no reason why it should not breed in every county in England, but as a fact it seems to prefer to go North to nest. It is increasing in Scotland, where it has, of its own accord, begun to breed near Loch Leven. It is very numerous in India, where it feeds on the wild rice in the swamps, and is highly prized both for sport and for the table.

It will be seen from the above that it would be a most welcome addition to the wildfowl on an estate, could it be established and encouraged by artificial breeding. The efforts made to do this at Netherby have met with considerable success.

The pintail crosses more freely with other ducks than does any other of the tribe, except the mallard, and these hybrids are commonly fertile. It is also, like the gadwall, a latish breeder, and only lays six eggs on an average in captivity. But by crossing with the mallard its laying power may probably be increased, and this cross is fertile, as is that with all the other surface-feeding ducks, and also the pochard, a diver. The mallard duck can be crossed with the pintail drake, and this cross, if used again twice, produces a bird hardly distinguishable from a pintail. An experiment was



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PIPE OF THE NEW DECOY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

made to see whether the bird occasionally killed in this country, and known as the bimaculated duck (*i.e.*, with two spots, one on either cheek), is the offspring of a wild cross between the teal drake and the mallard and pintail hybrid, or whether this duck was the result of another cross. A teal drake was mated with the small variety of the wild duck named the "call duck" by decoy men. Some thirty eggs were laid, but none was fertile. Two crosses between the pintail drake and mallard duck were then put with two teal drakes. This year one laid five eggs, of which none was fertile, and the other six, of which three were fertile. It will be interesting to see whether these, when adult, will prove to be the bimaculated duck, which, however, a great French authority takes to be the cross between

the mallard and the gadwall. Crosses have also been obtained at Netherby between the mallard duck and male sheldrake, and a mallard and pintail hybrid duck and a wigeon drake. Speaking generally, the pintail is a thoroughly manageable bird to rear. It takes its food well, and if the ducks are procured from the cross mated three generations back with the mallard there is less chance of having to wait for eggs than with wild birds. But so far the mallard cross has not led to more eggs being laid in a clutch, though the bird will nest again if the first clutch of six is taken.

So far the hybrid mallard and pintail duck has bred with the teal drake and the wigeon drake. Last year a cross between the red-headed pochard drake and a mallard and pintail duck was obtained elsewhere than at Netherby. There is little doubt that the pintail will breed with the gadwall, shoveller, and garganey. This year twelve ducklings were hatched from a setting (second nest) of the same number of eggs of the gadwall and mallard cross. From the first nest only one egg was fertile. One reason for thinking that the bimaculated duck may be a cross between the teal drake and mallard and pintail duck is that its nesting-time is about the same as the teal's.

WIGEON.

The experiments made with wigeon are of interest, because they involve, among other things, an attempt (which seems likely to succeed) to make a species alter the range of its nesting ground. The bird is the commonest of the surface-feeding ducks, next after the mallard; but its habit and custom are to fly North in the spring, and while a few nest in Scotland, the greater number move on to Scandinavia, or the tundras of the Arctic Circle. In a note to the continuation of the "Birds of Norfolk," left uncompleted by the death of Mr. Stevenson, Mr. H. B. Southwell notes that "the wigeon,



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PINTAIL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of all fresh-water duck commonly kept in confinement, is the one which most seldom breeds, and yet it very readily becomes tame. The fact is of importance, as showing how little we know of the causes which affect the domestication of a species. At

Elvedon Professor Newton and his brother had wigeons for many years, together with wild ducks, pintails, and shovellers; and while the last three bred pretty freely, he informs me, the first showed hardly any desire of propagation." He does, however, quote a case in which, after being kept for a long time, wigeon nested, and then did so regularly. The course of the Netherby

experiments dates from such a beginning. Sir Richard Graham's wigeon came from Scampston, Mr. St. Quintin's park in Yorkshire. These birds laid the next year after they were brought to Netherby. Their wings were clipped, and they soon became tame. Ten wild-caught drakes were put with these. But it is not a good plan to introduce quite wild stock amongst partly tamed ones. They affect them with just the same wildness. But wild wigeon mated with the tame ones of their own accord, after they were let fly, and they nested successfully. It would appear that some have stayed in other parts of the county, or the adjacent ones, for wigeon were reported this spring near Ullswater. Sir Richard Graham inclines to think that any of the surface-feeding ducks caught and pinioned will lay, provided that they have the right food and some good nesting ground. But it is most important that they should only be visited and fed on one side of the pond, and that no one should ever get between them and the water, which upsets their nerves. It is a good plan always to whistle to them in the same note, or to blow a horn when about to approach the water to feed them, as nothing



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PINTAIL DUCKLINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

frightens ducks so much as to come suddenly upon them. Wild-caught ducks may often have to be kept five or six years before they lay. Hand-reared teal will lay after their wings are cut. But the covert has to be so thick that it is difficult to find the eggs. It is better to keep them tame with cut wings for two years, and then to let them fly.

In conclusion, what has happened at Netherby seems to bear out the view that if there is a stock of any kind of bird on a property, whether natural or introduced, and you can ensure food and suitable nesting-places, the bird will become localised, or, if formerly scarce, will increase. Thus, for example, four or five snipe came and nested this spring in the middle of the new decoy ground. The increase of breeding woodcock at Netherby is believed to be due to the planting of the woods with rhododendron by Sir Richard Graham's father. The soil being very peaty, the shrub spreads all over the woods, and makes a kind of cover highly appreciated by woodcock in



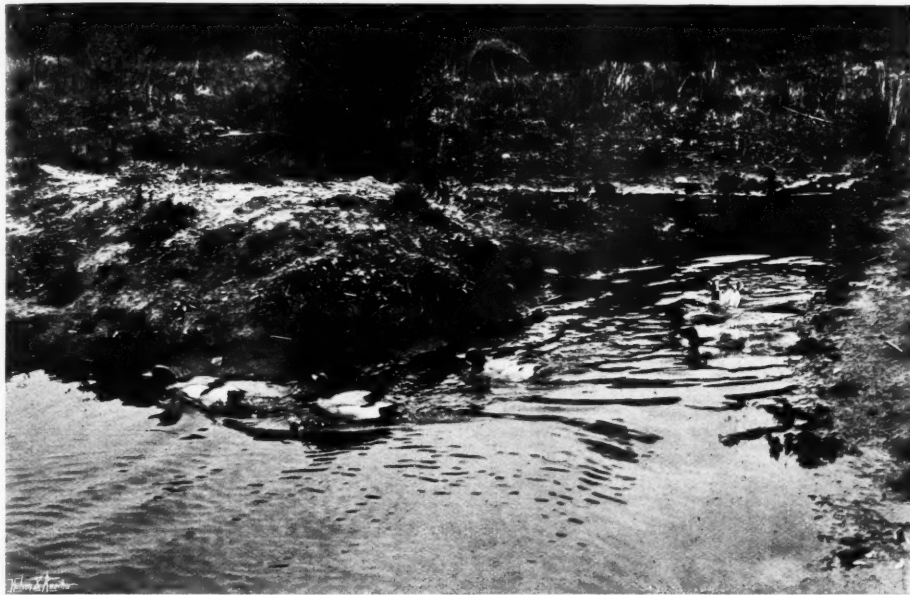
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A SQUADRON OF DRAKES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sportsmen will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that no degree of trouble, thought, and practical knowledge already acquired has been spared. The experiments are also aided by an estate of unique natural advantages, with ten miles of a large river, numerous burns, the splendid duck ground of Solway Moss, and the Solway Firth near at hand.

C. J. CORNISH.



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FRIGHTENED WIGEON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the early spring. Thirty years ago none, or only chance birds, bred. Now they are so numerous that on one occasion Sir Richard Graham saw eleven young ones feeding on one ride. It is not thought that the home-bred birds stay there, though others come in in the autumn, and as many as forty-five have been shot in a day.

It should be added, in regard to breeding quantities of mallard, that the Netherby system has shown that they will keep to their home, even though almost waterless. This very greatly lessens the risk of losing all your duck (for a time, at any rate) when a hard frost seals up the lake. It has also been shown that young wild duck are extremely hardy, and easy to rear. Lastly, it has proved conclusively that even when as thick upon the ground as they are at Netherby, where a thousand birds can be shot daily for four days, and as many more later on, no disease ever appears among them. This is a great advantage, considering the troubles with pheasants in this respect.

In regard to the future there seems every prospect that means will be found to breed and establish pintail and wigeon, and to increase the number of teal on almost any suitable ground. If the fates are unkind,

WHAT OUR SUR- NAMES TELL US.

WE know from history that the life of our villages at the time of the Norman Conquest, soon after which surnames began to come into general use, was a peculiar admixture of freedom and bondage. In that unique record of the eleventh century, the Domesday Book, compiled by order of William the Conqueror, we have a number of names, ranging from the Norman nobility and old Saxon free proprietors on the one hand, through the intermediate position of the *bordarii* and *coltmanni*, rural tenants of lands more or less dependent upon the local lord, to the many *villani*, or simple agricultural bondmen, tied to the soil of their master, on the other. Nearly all these different ranks of rural life are still to be found enshrined in our family names. The personal names of the Norman



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A WIGEON POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Conquerors have left us many Mortimers, Nevilles, and Percys; the old Saxon freeholder, represented so well in Sir Walter Scott's charming romance of "Ivanhoe" by the character of Cedric the Saxon, has given us a number of Freemans, Franks, and Franklins, not to mention the more specific Sockmans and Yeomans, while the quasi-servile cultivators of the soil are still represented in our Borders, Cotters, or Cotmans, and Cotterills. It is scarcely surprising that "Vilain," or "Villein," once by no means an uncommon family name, representing the lowest class of rural labour, should, from its degrading associations, be no longer found amongst us; though the equivalent "Bond" still continues to testify by its numbers to the great extent of personal servitude amongst our ancestors.

Rustic occupations have been for ever preserved in such names as Dyker, Gardiner, Hedger, Palliser, or the driver of stakes and pales, Plowman and Tillman. Those who specially attended to the cultivation of fruits are commemorated in our Appleyards, Orchards, Perryman, and Vyners, the growth of the grape being by no means neglected in England in mediæval times. Considering, also, the many home-made drinks of former days, into which honey entered largely as a component part, it is not surprising to find that Beman, or Honeyman, still preserves the memory of the bee-keepers of olden time. Even the less agreeable garlic, once extensively used in lieu of the modern imported onion, has bequeathed us a surname telling of its former popularity.

The humble builders of the rural cottage may still be recognised in the many forms of Thackeray, or thatcher, Hedger, and Hillyer, or roofer, whose work it was to cover in the rustic dwelling; while later forms of workmen in connection therewith are to be found in our Carpenters, Dawbers, or plasterers, Masons, Painters, Stainers, Slaters, Tylers, and Wallers.

A great variety of family names, indicating different departments of agriculture, still survive to tell of the life of the mediæval farm. Besides the more general Acreman, Farmer, and Hind, we have a common name, spelt variously Heard, Hird, or Hurd, signifying the keeper rather than the flock kept, as is generally understood by the word "herd" in its modern sense. Thus we have this word entering into combination with the names of several animals, such as Stothard, or Stoddart, the "stot" or bullock-herd; Coward, the cow-herd; Calvert, the calf-herd; Coulthard, the colt-herd; Goddard, the goat-herd; and Swinnart, Hoggard, and Seward, the swine, hog, or sew herd. Many of these animal names also occur in conjunction with the terminations "er" or "man," as Buller, Cowman, Calver, Coltman, Hogman, and Steerman. Then, Day is only another form of Dairyman; and in connection with outdoor life we have Bushers, Hewers, Hackers, and Nutters, as well as the more Saxon Woodyers and Woodmans, telling of the woodlands, and Fish or Fisher, of rural streams.

From the stable attached to the farmhouse we have our Stabler, and also the Horsmans, Runcimans, and Palfreymans, who attended to its occupants; the "rounce" or "rouncie" being the general term for a hackney horse, as "palfrey" was that for a small horse suitable for ladies. The harness furnished occupation for the Saddlers, Sellers (Fr., *la selle*, a saddle), and Fusters or Fewsters, the fust being the old name for the saddle-bow; while the carts, wains, and waggons were tended by the Carters, Charters, Drivers, Wains, Wainmans, Waggoners, and Wagners.

The mill played a great part in mediæval village life, and, with its old

form "milne," has given us a goodly number of Mills, Millers, Milnes, and Milners. The various sub-divisions of the industry have also bequeathed us a number of family names, such as Tasker, the thresher, Boulter or Bulter, Riddler, and Sivier.

Smiths and Wrights were the chief representatives of industry outside the usual agricultural occupations of village life. The former, existing from the earliest times in every little rural community, have left such numerous descendants that it has been calculated were all those bearing the name of Smith in England to be gathered together in one place they would quite fill a town of the size of Birmingham. As quaint old Verstegan wrote over two hundred years ago:

"From whence came Smith, all be he knight or squire,
But from the smith that forgeth at the fire?"

It was because he was a "smiter" of the hard metals of his industry into useful shapes that he gained the name of Smith, of which numerous compounds, still existing in family names, further tell us the metal that he smote. Thus, the Blacksmith worked in iron, the Whitesmith in tin, the Goldsmith in gold, and the Greensmith most probably in lead. Then the Nasmyth, like the Naylor, made nails; the Shoosmith, shoes; and the Spear-smith, spears. The Latin form of the word still exists as a surname in Faber and Farrar, and, through the Norman French, in Le Fevre and Ferrars.

As the Smith smote the harder metals, so the Wright wrought the more pliant materials into forms of beauty and utility. Hence he, too, has given us a number of compound words, such as Cartwright and Wainwright, the maker of carts and wains or waggons, and Wheelwright or Wheeler. The Arkwright was the maker of a once-familiar and important article of household furniture, the old-fashioned ark. This was a capacious chest, used partly as a meal-bin, and partly as a general store-chamber for all the treasures of the family.

The needs of travel in mediæval days gave occasion to Bridgers, Bridgmans, and Ferrimans, as well as Ostlers, or Oastlers, Innmans, and Taberners, or Taverners. The latter kept the places of call for casual refreshment; but the inn was formerly always a place of lodging for the night. Those who travelled in the country with divers wares were known chiefly as Pedlars, Pedders, Hawkers, or Huckers, and Tinklers, or Tinkers, from the noise they made to announce their approach, the generic name of the species being the well-known and still abundant Chapman.

The numerous fairs and festivals, which in the mediæval days so often enlivened the monotony of country life, are vividly represented still in a number of our surnames. Thus, the Stallards, or stall wards, tended the various stalls; the Champions, or Campions, challenged competition in rustic games; and the conjurer, or "Wiseman," the Player of mumming comedy, the Hoppers, or dancers, the Harper, or the Fidler, or, as the latter was sometimes called, the Crowther, or Crowder, all did their best to astonish and please the rural audience.

It is almost a pity that so much that was bright and entertaining has disappeared from our village life; but although country customs have changed, it is pleasing to think that the names of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, and those who took part in its daily work and rural festivities, still abide with us, and furnish a record whereby we have the means of reconstructing for ourselves a vivid picture of the old country life of our land.

R. B. C.

HENLEY WEEK.

NEVER did Henley look more attractive than this year, when the blistering heat of the sun lent more than its usual attraction to the cool ripple of the water.

Yet on Tuesday, when the regatta commenced, the weather was so unsettled as to cause some dubiety about the success of the week. The morning was quite dull, and a drizzling,

uncomfortable rain fell in the forenoon; but the afternoon was dry, and towards evening the sun came out and shone in all his glory. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the first day's attendance was certainly not beyond an average. The river of pleasure is charming when the sun shines, but the owners of pretty frocks know by bitter experience how uncomfortable it is when it rains. However, the first day is not really one of first-rate importance, either from a social or from a boating point of view, most of the work consisting of preliminary heats. Properly speaking, indeed, the regatta began on Monday, when two heats of the Diamond Challenge Sculls were decided. In the first of these, Guy Rixon of the Kingston Rowing Club, 11st. 8lb., starting from the Bucks station, beat St. G. Ashe, of the Thames Rowing Club, 10st. 8lb. The race was decided almost at the start, when Rixon drew ahead, and never allowed his adversary to catch him.



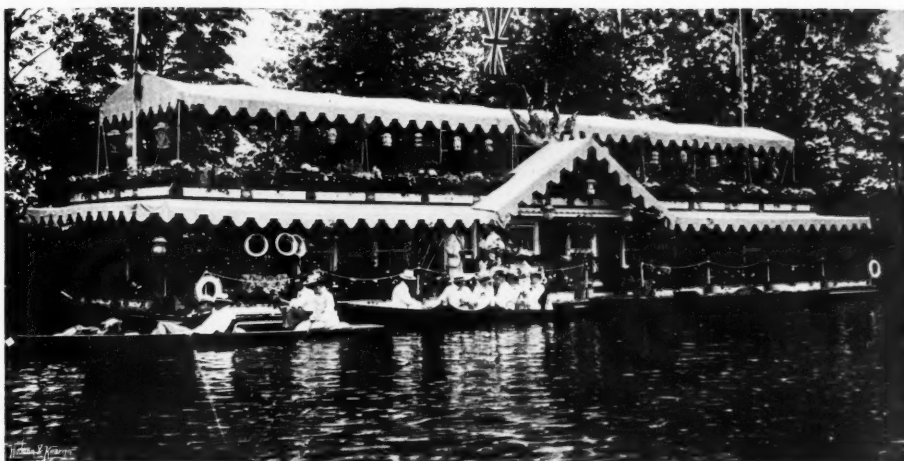
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FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

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up. Once or twice Ashe made a game attempt, but Rixon always appeared to have something in hand, and won easily. The second heat was between L. F. Scholes of the Toronto Royal Club, Canada, and A. A. Stuart of the Kingston. In this race Stuart led at the beginning, but when Temple Island was reached Scholes was half a length ahead. From here it was a neck-and-neck race, about a quarter of a length being all that was between the boats for a good part of the course. At the milestone he was three-quarters of a length away, and it was evident that Stuart was beaten.

On Tuesday the racing for the Diamond Sculls was continued, the third heat being between A. Hamilton Cloutte and D. C. Stuart. Cloutte was level at the mile, when Stuart stopped, and the former went on and won as he pleased. The fourth heat was between L. F. Scholes and S. R. Wells. Scholes won the race at the outset, and merely paddled the remainder. In the



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THE GIPSY.

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selves, but were helped by the bad steering of their rivals. In the second heat the London Rowing Club beat the Royal Chester

Rowing Club, and in the third heat Kingston Rowing Club had a walk over, the Thames Rowing Club being obliged to scratch, as their stroke could not obtain leave of absence from the German Consulate.

Wednesday in point of weather was in marked contrast to the opening day, the sun shining with all his strength and only a very slight breeze blowing. The attendance was very much better, although the river was not yet crowded. The racing on this day proved to be exciting. The first race was the seventh heat of the Diamond Challenge Sculls, in which Hamilton Cloutte beat Guy Rixon with comparative ease. The next heat—that between L. F. Scholes and F. S. Kelly—produced a splendid struggle. Kelly made the better start, and cleared the island in 48sec., and he continued to keep in front up to Remanham Rectory, when he crossed over and tried to take

his opponent's water; but Scholes spurted, and succeeded in thwarting his intention. At Fawley Court boathouse they were



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WATCHING A FINISH.

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fifth heat Guy Rixon was opposed to Lord Mahon. This was a splendid race, very pluckily rowed by the loser; but Rixon won in the end by a quarter of a length. In the sixth heat F. S. Kelly was opposed to C. J. Kay. The representative of Oxford, starting at forty strokes in the minute, soon got the lead and left Kay behind. The next event to be contested was the Grand Challenge Cup, Leander opposing the London Rowing Club in the first heat. Leander drew away and won easily. Following that came the first heat of the Thames Challenge Cup, in which St. John's College, Oxford, beat a crew of the London Rowing Club in a steadily rowed race. In the second heat the Thames Rowing Club opposed the Kingston Rowing Club, and won by a length and three-quarters. In the third heat First Trinity, Cambridge, beat Molesey Boat Club, who led at first and made a very game fight of it, first one and then the other being ahead. In the fourth heat Caius College, Cambridge, defeated the Granta Club, Cambridge, after a very hard race, the victory being gained by three-quarters of a length. In the first heat of the Ladies' Challenge Plate, Eton College beat New College, Oxford, somewhat easily. In the first heat of the Wyfold Challenge Cup, Birmingham Rowing Club beat Magdalen College, Oxford. The winners steered badly them-



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CLOSELY PACKED.

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THE LINE OF HOUSEBOATS.

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almost together, but the Canadian seemed unable to keep it up, as Kelly shortly afterwards recovered his two lengths' lead. Scholes, however, rowing with the greatest pluck, stuck to his opponent, and Kelly at last seemed somewhat exhausted, the Canadian getting a clear length in front at the Grand Stand. Here Kelly gave up, leaving victory to his opponent. Following that came another race almost as exciting. It was the fifth heat for the Thames Challenge Cup between St. John's College, Oxford, and First Trinity, Cambridge. The Oxonians made the better start, and though the Cambridge crew rowed with great pluck and determination, they could never quite overhaul them, although they got within a very short distance. In the sixth heat Caius College beat the Thames Rowing Club, apparently with something in hand. Then came the first heat of the Stewards' Challenge Cup, in which Third Trinity, Cambridge, beat the London Rowing Club. In the second heat of the Grand Challenge Cup New College had a walk over. In the second heat of the Ladies' Challenge Plate, First Trinity, Cambridge, beat Radley College after a very good race. In the third heat of the same race Eton College beat St. John's College. The crew of the latter were obviously exhausted by their efforts against First Trinity in the Thames Challenge Cup. In the first heat of the Visitors' Challenge Cup, Third Trinity, Cambridge, beat Magdalen College, Cambridge. London Rowing Club beat Kingston Rowing Club in the fourth heat of the Wyfold Challenge Cup, and in the fifth heat Birmingham beat Caius College.

Thursday was another fine day, with a wind blowing up the river, and consequently in favour of the rowing. On this day a huge number of people had assembled, and the river for the first time during the week was thoroughly crowded. The racing was of a very interesting character. In the final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup, Leander beat New College with comparative ease, although the latter drew up once or twice. In the final of the Diamond Challenge Sculls the contest was between the Canadian, L. F. Scholes, and A. Hamilton Cloutte. This was a very remarkable race, as will be evident from the single fact that not only did the winner do the distance in record time, but so did the loser. Mr. Cloutte rowed a very game race, but the Canadian was just a trifle better, and managed to get home by a length and a-quarter. In the final heat of the Thames Challenge Cup, Caius College beat St. John's College after a

very hard race indeed. For a great part of the course not more than a third of a length divided the two boats, and it was only at the close of the race that Caius drew clearly ahead, and won by a bare length, in 7min. 30sec. The final for the Stewards' Challenge Cup provided Third Trinity, Cambridge, with a victory that was easy compared with the giant struggles to which we have referred. For the final of the Ladies' Challenge Plate there was a splendid struggle between Eton College and First Trinity. The former, with great difficulty, managed to keep about a quarter of a length in front for the greater part of the way, and just at the end spurred, and won by a length.

Third Trinity College beat University College for the Visitors' Challenge Cup. The victory was gained only by half a length, after a well-rowed race on both sides. Birmingham carried off the Wyfold Challenge Cup through a foul at the enclosure, the boats drifting past the judge's box locked together. London was first, but Birmingham appealed, and Mr. Pitman awarded the race to them. The Silver Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup were won by Third Trinity, Cambridge.

PETERBOROUGH SHOW.

THE Agricultural Show at Peterborough is one of the best managed in the country, and this year was even more brilliantly successful than usual. It was favoured with the finest weather, and the varied interests to which it appeals attracted a large number of visitors to the fine old cathedral town, which is also so notable a centre for sport and agriculture. Taking the latter of these two interests first, the Shire horse display, though good, was scarcely, either in number or quality, up to the very high level of last year. In two year old stallions the King's massive colt, Ravenspur, had to play second fiddle to Sir W. H. Cooke's Doncaster Menestrel, which is shaping to be a stallion of the first rank, though he has not the weight of the Royal candidate. In the yearling colt class, again, the victory of Mr. Victor Cavendish's Holker Menestrel 2nd attested to the merits of Menestrel as a sire. Sir P. A. Muntz was first in the corresponding class for fillies with Dunsmore Jameson, the King being second with Dunsmore Nightingale. For two year old fillies the first prize was awarded to Mr. J. Bradley's



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CAIUS BEAT ST. JOHN'S FOR THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP. Copyright

Halsted Duchess III., which beat Lord Rothschild's very correct bay, Rickford Farewell. The three year old class was an exceptionally good one, in which Mr. W. H. Kearns thoroughly deserved the first place accorded him for Knottingley Fuchsia. Lord Rothschild's beautiful Blythwood Guelder Rose was first in the brood mare class, with Moors Meadow Sweet of Messrs. Thompson second, and Lord Egerton's Old Warden Gem third. Blythwood Guelder Rose and Princess Beryl won for Lord Rothschild the first prize for pairs, and they did, indeed, look a handsome couple. The latter won for her owner the first prize for the best mare in the show, and, as a matter of course, the Shire Horse Society's Gold Medal. She is not in our estimation the better mare of the two, but she was at the top of



W. A. Rouch. *SCHOLES BEAT CLOUTTE FOR THE DIAMONDS.*

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her form, and Blythwood Guelder Rose was not in the same perfect condition as when she was shown at the Royal.

There was a very good exhibit of shorthorns. Mr. Atkinson's Chewton Victor 6th proved to be the best among the old bulls, with Mr. F. Platt's Blood Royal second. The former was eventually awarded the championship. Mr. E. M. Denny's Ascott Constellation proved invincible in the two year old class; he has improved very much since last year, when he was a winner. Captain Harrison's well-known and beautiful Malmaison won in the cow class with the Marquess of Exeter's Oak Apple second. In the yearling class Mr. Bell's Ratcheugh Witch stood first, and was awarded the championship for females. Lord Rothschild's Furbelow Countess 2nd was an easy first in the dairy class. Peterborough does not bring out the Channel Islands cattle to any great extent, but in the classes for Aberbeen-Angus Mr. R. W. Hudson and Mr. Cridlan fought their battles over again, the advantage on this occasion lying with the former. Danesfield Jester was first and Wizard of Maisemore second in the old bull class, while in the class for young bulls Danesfield Jester 2nd was first and Wizard of Maisemore 2nd second. Mr. Hudson was first in the cow class with Effulgent, to which was awarded the championship of the breed. In the heifer class the Messrs. Casswell Brothers came to the front with Valentine 5th of Skegby, which was reserve for the championship. Mr. Hudson was second in this class. There was a fair show of sheep, and a really excellent one of pigs. Mr. Spencer's fine old boar Holywell Hugh got an easy first, and in Berkshires Mr. J. Jefferson was equally successful.

The sporting side of the show proved to be a success of unrivalled brilliance, both horses and hounds being splendidly represented. Indeed, Wednesday, the second day of the show, attracted the largest and most distinguished company ever collected to see hounds at Peterborough. The entries also were uncommonly numerous, forty-nine couples of dog hounds being shown as compared with forty-two last year, and sixty-four and a-half couples of bitches compared with thirty-six and a-half last year. Quality was as conspicuous as quantity. There were fourteen entries for the best couple of unentered hounds, and the Atherstone were represented for the first time by Conquest, by Dexter, and Spencer, by Belvoir Dasher. It was the Rufford who provided the winners in Factor and Furrier, the Atherstone couple being second. To the same Furrier was awarded the prize given for the best single hound in the show. In the class for the best dog whelped since December 1st, 1902, Furrier was once more successful, so that his excellence has received the stamp of triple approval. True, he was defeated in the contest for the championship, that honour going to the Warwickshire Traveller, by Belvoir Wandel, but the class was an uncommonly strong one; and though the judges were probably right in their decision, there was little to choose between the winning hound and Furrier, which was placed second.

There were many strong competitors in the class for the best stallion hounds, but the Oakley eventually won the first prize with Guardsman, by Whynot, and the second with General, by Lord Fitzhardinge's Vanguard. In the class for unentered bitches in couples, Mr. Fernie was placed first with Fidget and Filbert, the Atherstone being second with Victory and Rainbow. To Mr. Fitzwilliam's Sanguine was given the first prize for the best of the young bitches. The Duke of Beaufort, in a strongly-contested class for two couples of entered hounds, won with a fine quartet, Drapery, Drosky, Dagman, and Lightly. In the class for brood bitches the Atherstone won. A very good turnout of harriers and an increased entry of beagles added much to the interest of this side of the Peterborough Show.

The light horses at Peterborough get better every year, and this was one of the best shows on record. Nearly every class was well filled, and the horses shown were of the very first rank. It would take too long to go over the prize list class by class, but one or two of the outstanding animals may be briefly mentioned. Among these the beautiful grey belonging to Mr. Hopcroft, Donishall, who won first for brood mares up to 14st., well deserves mention. Orator, who for Mr. J. H. Stokes won first for 15st. hunters, is every inch a hunter, and well deserved his place of honour. Almost the same might be said of Romeo, Lord Revelstoke's light weight. In the class for hacks of hunter type Penylan Perfection is a very nice and pretty mare, that had no difficulty in securing the first place. There were many other horses equally deserving of mention, for all classes were thoroughly represented in this department, and afforded a considerable help towards making the show the success that it was.

AMBIDEXTERITY IN ANGLING AND FISHING FACTS.

I DO not suppose many anglers are alive who fished the river Darenth sixty or seventy years ago, when that pretty Kentish trout stream was at its zenith, and second to none other in England. Those who then fished it, especially the long stretch of river above the village of Darenth, up through the alders and Chapman's meadows, along Muggeridge's to Cannons Mill, thence to Ray's at Horton Kirby, and on to Eynsford, could not expect to fill their creels unless they were ambidextrous, for the willows and alder trees grew so close together along each side of the river's banks, and the boughs were so interlaced and overhanging, that, unless anglers were equally facile with their left as their right arm, there were numerous places they could not negotiate at all; and in these places lay the largest and best of the trout. My brother—who was my Mentor—taught me when I began to wield a fly-rod, more than sixty-five years ago, to cast with my left arm, and ever since then it has seemed to me natural to do so where and when it was necessary. After a few hours' persistent practice each day for a week, any fly-fisher or up-stream worm-fisher will become ambidextrous, and should be able to present a fly enticingly to many a fine fish he could not otherwise reach with a right-arm cast. These remarks will also apply to casting a spinning-bait for trout, pike, and other fish, where their haunts are unattainable by the right-handed fisherman. The opening day for trout-fishing on the Darenth was March 25th, and as that happened also to be my birthday, this, and putting together my trout-rod for the first time of the season, was always a "red-letter event" of my youthful days. I have just received a letter from my Mentor, who is in his eighty-third year, and little knows the sad state of decadence that river is in now. He says, "perhaps if I went to the Darenth for a day's trouting it might brace me up as it used to do seventy years ago. I remember I once caught twenty-two brace in one day between Darenth Bridge, up Chapman's and Muggeridge's meadows, to Horton Kirby and Eynsford, and the last fish I got was just below Eynsford Bridge—it weighed over 2lb.; that satisfied me, and I trudged off home, but my trout-creel weighed twice as heavy (or seemed to) when I got home than when I left Eynsford." My brother's fly-rod of hickory was given to him when he was twelve years of age by his uncle, who was an expert Darenth angler. The old rod is still in good condition, and straight "as a gun-barrel." I was using it one evening two seasons ago, and got a brace of 4lb. trout in Muggeridge's stretch

of the stream, where also I saw several small pike close by some sedges growing in the water, one of which—a 4-pounder—I captured with a Hardy's Halcyon fly. One "opening day" of the season (March 25th), I, then a ten year old boy, went with my brother to carry his landing-net and creel, when we saw a strange thing, viz., trout rising quite freely during a fall of snow. My brother thought they mistook the falling flakes for flies, so he put on a small Coachman, and a little white moth for the "dropper," and quickly caught a couple of brace of trout of retainable size. This happened in the stream flowing through the meadows, below Applegarth's printing-mills. When anglers reach old age they unfortunately have to content themselves with the memories of sport. But the remembrance of a grand day my brother and I had in the Eynsford and Lullingstone Park waters on May 16th, 1873, yet remains with us. We kept thirty-three brace of our united capture, all the fish exceeding the recognised minimum of a half-pound weight.

In times long past—to quote Michael Drayton, in "The Polyolbion," A.D. 1615—

"The silver Darent flowing o'er golden sands,

In whose waters clear, un-numbered fishes sport,"

and with the river in similar condition my brother and I felt discontented if we had less than five or six brace each in our panniers at the close of a day's fly-fishing. Two-pounders were not uncommon then—fifty years ago—and even larger fish were occasionally caught. In fact, one morning in May, 1842, when "spinning" a minnow, where the Darent flows into the Back Flash Pool, I captured a finely-conditioned fish of 6½ lb., which gave splendid sport before I got the trout into my landing-net. When I was a lad, a trout—some said it was a salmon—of 9½ lb., nipped by a water-mill wheel when trying to ascend the Darent, was taken from the river in an injured condition by a young man named Alfred Tyler. Also a salmon of similar weight was netted in the creek beyond the mill-ponds, about the same year. History affirms that as late as A.D. 1650 a salmon fishery existed in the Darent, which was tidal up to the town of Dartford—or Darent-Ford; and that in the reign of King James I., 1603 to 1625, the Royal Manor received a yearly payment of six salmon, value 50s., and The Priory an annual rental of £3 for the fishery existing there. ALFRED JARDINE.

POLO NOTES.

THE Inter-regimental Tournament had everything in its favour on Wednesday. The semi-finals proved to be the most interesting game of the tournament. The ground was in perfect order, and the weather was delightful. There was a very large gathering, for the Inter-regimental is an attraction whenever it comes. Everyone was prepared for a fine struggle, but the tie between the 17th Lancers—Captain Carden, Major W. Tilney, Mr. A. F. Fletcher,

and Colonel Portal—and the Inniskilling Dragoons—Captain T. G. Gibson, Major Ansell, Captain Paterson, and Captain Neil Haig—proved to be not only close fought, but one of the most memorable games ever seen even at the Inter-regimental. So absolutely even was the game, that it required one side to make a mistake before the match came to an end. As it was, it was, I think, almost, if not quite, the longest polo match on record, as it lasted nearly an hour and twenty minutes of actual play, and of that eighty minutes almost every moment was played at full pressure. Not for an instant did either side give way. For the Inniskillings Captain Haig was in splendid form, and he kept the ball well up to his forwards, and three times struck goals with one of those strong, clean strokes for which he is noted. Time and again he fairly mastered the ball, but the Lancer No. 3, Mr. Fletcher, is also a strong hitter, and Major Tilney made the very most of some galloping ponies—they brought some competition on Monday at Tattersall's. The match, as usual, was followed with breathless



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WAITING TO BEGIN.

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interest, which culminated in intense excitement as the Inniskillings in the last period made the scores equal. It was thus anybody's game when the sides rode out for the extra ten minutes, but so keen and yet so steady was the play on both sides that the bell rang again before the scores had changed. It was 4 all when the next extra ten began, and it seemed as though the game would never end. Then at last off-side was given against the Inniskillings; the 17th took the free hit at 60yds., and Mr. Fletcher all but scored, Captain Carden putting the ball through a moment later, and thus winning the tie, and, as most people thought, the cup, by 5 goals to 4. Then the Royal Horse Guards—Lord Ingestre, Captain Fitzgerald, Mr. Harold Brassey, and Captain Marjoribanks—met the 8th Hussars—Sir C. B. Lowther, Colonel C. E. Duff, Captain Van der Byl, and Captain Mort. This last-named regiment have never had luck in the English Inter-regimental, and they were without two of their usual team. Colonel Duff, when a captain, played back in the Indian Regimental Tournament in 1886 and 1887, when the 8th Hussars won. It is not often we find the same man playing in a regimental team as captain or subaltern, and again as commanding officer. But this occurred twice in this year's Inter-regimental, for when the 17th Lancers won in India in 1888, Mr. (now Colonel) Portal played No. 3 in the team, Captain Miller, Mr. A. Rawlinson, and Colonel Renton being the others, so that all four of that team are still playing polo, and all in the front rank, sixteen years after. As things were, the R.H.G. had no very difficult task set them, and they qualified for the final on Saturday by 6 goals to 2 against the 8th Hussars, who were not at their best. The weather was magnificent—if anything, rather too hot for polo, but for the spectators perfect. The final game was only less close and exciting than the struggle on Wednesday, of which I have already written. The teams were the same as in the previous ties. Both sides played excellent polo, and the R.H.G. showed great form. Captain Fitzgerald is one of those players you cannot put in the wrong place. Wherever he is, he plays sound polo, and is only less notable than others because he is so wholly devoted to playing for his side. Lord Ingestre and Mr. Harold Brassey have both come on very much since last year, and the last named, who has a style of his own, showed himself very ready to make the best of the openings. Captain Marjoribanks is in all probability, next to Captain Haig, the strongest No. 4 player in the Army. He is magnificently mounted, and it was one of the events of the tournament when he fairly galloped down the forwards of the 17th and saved his goal by a very fine stroke shortly after half-time. There was very little play down the boards, and the teams were often in the centre of the ground. The R.H.G., with their excellent team of ponies, forced the pace, and at one time it seemed as if they might win. But the 17th played an excellent game, especially in the latter half. They were rather loose at times in the earlier periods, and gave away chances which Mr. Brassey seized on and made the best of. In the fourth and fifth periods, however, they had the better of the match, and were at one time two goals ahead. In the sixth ten the R.H.G. came again, and were eventually only



W. A. Rouch. NEAR THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS' GOAL. Copyright

beaten by 7 goals to 6, thus bringing to an end one of the most interesting Inter-regimental tournaments in my recollection. The cup was presented by Princess Alexander of Teck, herself a soldier's wife. The arrangements were perfect, and the Hurlingham ground played very well. Everyone was glad that the 17th should win the cup once more before they went on foreign service.

Only second to the Inter-regimental in interest are the ties for the County Cup. Eden Park has always been closely connected with the fortunes of the County Cup, and the annual tournament of the South Eastern Division and Sir Thomas Dewar's Cup, which are played for at the same time. The latter is particularly interesting, because it is so far the only tournament in the London district, at all events, played under a handicap. The county teams entered in this division are Eden Park A and B, Kingsbury, and Hutton. The principle of the handicap is to allow to each team a certain number of goals. Thus Hutton is scratch, Worcester Park 3, Eden Park 3, Kingsbury 4, Eden Park B 5. Kingsbury had the bad luck to have one of their men disabled by illness, and they scratched. Hutton—Messrs. L. B. Carr, C. K. Carr, E. B. Sheppard, and R. Courage—beat Worcester Park both for the County Cup ties and the Dewar Challenge Cup. Hutton is near Brentwood in Essex, and if the cup went to that club it would be no more than the due of a county which has given as many first-class players to polo as any in England. Mr. Sheppard is playing for Hutton, and that in itself makes their chance a good one. At all events, when they meet Gloucester in the semi-finals there will probably be a game worth going to see.

To go back to more ordinary fare, last week opened with some good polo matches. The final tie of the Junior Championship produced a sharp, close, and exciting struggle notable for its change and incident. At first the Ranelagh team kept possession of the ball and were able to drive it down to the Roehampton goal. Four times the ball went through the posts, and by half-time it looked as though Ranelagh were certainly a winning team, but the second half of the game showed what those who had watched their progress in the earlier stages must have thought—the Roehampton four were then distinctly below their form. At the same time that Roehampton recovered their form Ranelagh went to pieces, and the course of the game was exactly reversed, for now Roehampton did all the attacking, and before the last period were even. Then they made another goal, and won, Mr. Menzies and the Duke of Roxburghe being quite at their best. When Mr. Menzies is in the humour and really gets hold of the ball there are few better players anywhere for a gallop to the goal. X.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE have had occasion to remark before that a little Meredith is a dangerous thing, and the latest victim is Mr. J. C. Snaith, who has turned out an impossible book in *Broke of Coveniden* (Constable). It was enough for us to read the titles of the chapters—the first lines of the preface—without pursuing the 608 pages to the bitter end. Mr. Snaith has drunk deep of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and has dreamt of setting up just such an inimitable character. But he has aimed too high—his touch is to his master's as the art of the pavement artist to the delicate line of Dürer. Mr. Snaith lays on his colours coarsely,

his creations inspire repulsion—horror. Even when he would make them attractive, some rule—almost savage—description or crudely realistic detail jars upon the sensitive reader. Mr. Snaith revels in such local colour as the following: "Their mother's smile grew in its expanse until the gold stopping was seen to glitter round a tooth in her upper jaw." This is, however, exquisite when compared to the passage describing Mrs. Broke's revulsion of feeling towards her husband, when she sees him in his true colours, or the charming scene between those attractive representatives of the nobility Lord Bosket and his wife. We commend this incident to those truly desirous of gaining an insight into the ways and customs of the "Upper Ten." We regret in Mr. Snaith's perverted talent. He has gift for character drawing, he aims at style, but his undisciplined pen, and his want of refinement, make *Broke of Coveniden* a failure.

A pleasantly written book is *An English Girl in Japan*, by Miss Ella Hart Bennett (Gardner, Darton, and Co.). It aims at nothing more than slight sketches of the people and country, seen under very pleasant circumstances. It is merely "chatty"—nothing more. Still, the account of Court functions, a "shintō" funeral, and the curious blend of East and West, which Miss Hart Bennett contrives to bring out very well, will find many interested readers at the present moment. We confess to having been specially entertained by the passage which tells of the Japanese gentleman who indulged in four "quick changes" during one hot railway journey, passing rapidly from frock-coat and top-hat to grey tweeds and cap, from grey tweeds to white duck and cricketing cap, and concluding in "ukata" and "obi," with hat, boots, and all folded beside him. Some of the photographs illustrating the book are very good.

Essentially American, *The Singular Miss Smith*, by F. M. Kingsley (Macmillan and Co.), is a book from which much entertainment may be extracted up to chapter 12. Up to that point the book is well worth reading, though the idea of a girl masquerading as a domestic servant is not novel. Miss Elizabeth Banks was, we believe, the pioneer of that experiment. But Miss Smith does not embark on her adventures from journalistic motives. She is a rich girl, weary of her gilded cage, and anxious to find out why girls dislike "service." Her experiences are quite amusing, and the characters, though occasionally overdrawn, are quite interesting, till Miss Kingsley feels she must work out Miss Smith's love story, and gives us such wild improbabilities, such breathless excursions, that we feel like Baron Munchausen on the cannon ball. We are unable to forbear quoting some pithy sayings of the best-drawn character in the book, Mrs. Buckle, the boarding-house keeper. Mrs. Buckle discourses thus on the marriage market, urging that the day of the modest violet is past: "The gents I've come across are all pretty much alike. If you get right down to it, you'll see 'at they allus take the women-folks at their own price tickets. If you mark yourself damidged article, to be sold cheap, you won't be run after by gents as is lookin' for a-number-one goods." Which is a less refined, but very caustic, manner of saying that people "take you at your own valuation."

The Wisdom of Folly, by Cosmo Hamilton (Isbister). Mr. Hamilton should be advised to keep to the light dialogues, which are so far the only productions of his pen which we have read. There is too much folly and no wisdom in this production.

A Thing of Shreds and Patches (White and Co.) is by an anonymous author, and we consider it will be well for him or her to rest on this production, and devote the precious moments more profitably. There is no interest in the book, or the doings of the children which it chronicles—it is frankly foolish, and one chapter is distinctly vulgar.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FEN STRAWBERRIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After reading a sketch, "Ripe Strawberries," in your valuable paper, I thought, perhaps, a few words further on the subject would be interesting to some of your numerous readers. Wisbech being the centre of a large fruit-growing district, large quantities are now being sent away every day to the great market centres of the North. The strawberries are gathered early in the morning and put into "chip" baskets, each holding about 5lb.; as many as 1,600 baskets daily are sent off by passenger train, but the bulk goes away by goods train in specially fitted-up fruit vans. As much as 80 tons of strawberries, and the same amount of gooseberries, are sent away daily during the season; one grower alone, last Monday, sent off 24 tons of strawberries, and employs 350 pickers to gather them. At the present time there are about 1,500 to 2,000 pickers, most of them from the East End of London, as well as the usual pickers living in the town and neighbourhood. The gooseberries are sent away in bags, holding 6st. to 8st. each, and in barrels of about the same quantity, and are sent to London, as well as to the North of England.—JAMES DAUN.

THE NEW HARNESS REGULATION FOR DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As an owner of dogs, and intimately acquainted with them, I cannot too strongly condemn the foolish and tyrannical new quarantine regulations and the ridiculous harness inflicted by the Board of Agriculture upon imported dogs. The harness is not only absurd, but also cruel, for, with its many straps and buckles, it cannot but be hard and thoroughly uncomfortable, especially to a dog lying down, while when the dog curls round to sleep the shoulder-strap would drag the collar chokingly tight, rendering sleep or rest impossible. To keep a poor dog for six weary months in this discomfort and deprived of sleep is gross cruelty. Those who gravely designed this absurdity forgot that dogs do not always stand up straight and

stiff, neither did they consider the fact that young dogs grow much and quickly in six months. Must their unfortunate owners constantly provide fresh sets of this exorbitantly and unreasonably expensive enormity (of which the lowest price for the smallest size is 15s. 6d.) to suit the rapid growth of puppies and half-developed dogs? The professed object of the harness is to enable the police to readily recognise a quarantined dog; but a collar of a special pattern or colour, or bearing a coloured tag, or a tag with the letter Q inscribed on it, would equally serve the purpose without suffering for the dog. The harness would doubtless often lead to the barbarous destruction of its wearer, for the general public, knowing nothing of quarantine, but seeing a dog placarded with the dread word "rabies," would imagine him to be a rabid animal, and an ignorant, panic-stricken mob would hunt him down and beat or stone him to death. The quarantine regulations are entirely unnecessary. The rabies said to be "rife" on the Continent is presumably the same as that once pronounced "rampant" in this country, namely, not rabies at all, but merely Board of Agriculture rabies, existing only on paper, and which, when declared at its worst, produced no hydrophobia among human beings! In any case a veterinary surgeon's certificate for every dog brought to England would fulfil every reasonable requirement, and should pass a dog anywhere without further restriction, expense, or trouble. The present regulations are worthy only of the March Hare and the Hatter of "Alice in Wonderland."—C. A. M. BAILEY, Member of Executive Committee National Canine Defence League, Guildford.

YOUNG LONG-EARED OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph represents a nest of young long-eared owls moved out of the very thick spruce fir tree in which it was situated, and where it was impossible to obtain a photograph, and then put back again. There were five young ones in the nest, and, as is often the case, all of them were of different sizes, the smallest being only half as big as the largest. I am glad to say that in some parts of the country these owls are very common,



A PROMISING FAMILY.

though in other localities the tawny or brown owl preponderates. An old magpie's or carrion crow's nest is generally made use of by the birds, and the clutch of eggs laid varies from five to six, though a friend of mine found one this spring with eight. They are early breeders, and I found the nest this time in an old squirrel's drey, with eggs, on March 11th. During the daytime the birds sit amongst the fir trees with the feathers all drawn in and the body elongated to its fullest extent, presenting a most comical appearance.—OXLEY GRAHAM.

A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to enter a protest? The misquotation of a classic is no light matter. The poem quoted by your esteemed contributor in the last number of COUNTRY LIFE should run as follows:

"The centipede was happy,
Till one day the toad in fun
Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
Which strained her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run."

The immense superiority of this version to the one given by your contributor in her otherwise excellent article will be immediately apparent to anyone possessing a sense of humour.—E. E. R.

SINGING MICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Probably you will receive proper scientific explanations of "singing mice" in answer to your correspondent's letter; but if not, the following facts concerning them, by one who has watched them singing, may be of interest. Long ago some children were disturbed by singing in the walls of their bedroom; a trap was set, and a small mouse caught, who proved to be the culprit. It sat up on its hind legs and chirped away, rather like an inferior canary. It was kept in durance vile until the advent of the hair-cutter, who strengthened his reputation of being a second Solomon by unhesitatingly affirming that what made the mouse sing was bronchial asthma, to which mice were subject. And in spite of its being the *métier* of a barber to tell stories, the following tragedy makes me think he may have been right. All the year round a pan of water and a bowl of food stand on my window-sill for birds, and a mouse that at first only took advantage of this at night, grew so bold that it would feed out of them by day also. This enraged the sparrows, and they chased it away with angry screamings. Then one day the mouse began to sing, and as I had not seen it for some time, I thought it must be taken up with family cares, and that perhaps the singing was a kind of call to its little ones; but as I was sitting by the window the poor thing came running out of its hole towards me. It had been horribly pecked about

the head. I gave it water and it drank thirstily, then began the singing noise again with such force that not only did its own body shake, but all the things on my writing-table. There was distress in the sound, and I wondered if having the fur off its head had given it colic.—W. S.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent, "E. M. Johnson," I have heard, seen, and killed a singing mouse. My wife and I were awakened one night a few months back by a most peculiar noise, apparently coming from the cornice of the window, and immediately afterwards from the skirting. On hunting for the cause we saw something dart across the room, but it was not till the next day we ran the mouse to earth. It was a grey, sharp-nosed, rather ugly, and small mouse. The noise it made could certainly be likened to a bird, more especially in the daytime. At night it was weird, and we had to change our bedroom, as the mouse was persistent in its song. I have since been told that the noise is caused by an ailment like consumption.—S. E. COCKBURN.

RHEAS AT HEMSTED PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]



RHEA A FEW DAYS OLD.

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in these photographs of our rhea on his nest or with young. We have had rheas in the park for many years, and

the hens always lay several eggs, but the cock will not always sit, and as he alone incubates and brings up the young birds, the hen taking no further notice of her eggs after she has laid them, we are at his mercy! This old cock is a most attentive father; he brought up five in 1903, but refused to do so last year. This year he has hatched out two again. I wonder more people do not keep them, as they are very handsome birds and perfectly hardy. They live on grass and green food, but come every day to be fed with dry crusts, and are very tame and quite gentle.—EMMA GATHORNE-HARDY.



RHEA ON HIS NEST.